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NICARAGUA MAKES THINGS INTERESTING FOR JOHN BULL.

Occupation of Corinto Made Practically Useless by Declaring the Port Closed.—Efforts of the United States and Central American Governments to Induce Nicaragua to Pay Up Fail.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—The United States government has been officially informed of the occupation by the British of the city of Corinto, Nicaragua. The situation in that country is at this writing as follows: Great Britain has occupied Corinto, the principal seaport of Nicaragua, and the British flag waves above the town. The three ships, Royal Arthur, Satellite and Wild Swan, have taken positions where they can command the approaches to the town. The Nicaraguans—military and civilians—have abandoned the place, the soldiers withdrawing to the heights on the mainland—Corinto is on a sort of island—and preparing to fight, it seems, if the British shall make any effort to move into the interior.

Sharp Play by the Nicaraguans.

To checkmate the British and prolong and complicate the trouble with the apparent intention of forcing the difficulty into the domain of the Monroe doctrine and getting it where the United States must interfere, the Nicaraguan government has closed the port of Corinto. This will prevent merchant ships from entering to discharge cargo, for if they should do so the goods could not go into the interior without danger of seizure by the Nicaraguans. The only way to meet this move, for the British, will be for them to occupy other Nicaraguan ports as they are made ports of entry, until the whole coast is blockaded; or declare war and capture the capital, Managua.

Washington Diplomats Surprised.

The news was a surprise to the state department here. It was believed that the only difficulty in the way of a speedy settlement of the trouble was that arising from trouble experienced by the Nicaraguan government in raising the money hastily, and that the British admiral would be indulgent on this point when once satisfied of the disposition of the Nicaraguans to comply with the terms of the ultimatum otherwise had never been doubted by the department. As soon as the British had occupied Corinto, the Nicaraguans destroyed the telegraphic connection between that point and the rest of the world, and the British commander will have to send his dispatches by boat to the nearest cable telegraph station.

Only Making the Matter Worse.

There does not seem to be any doubt anywhere of the right of Great Britain to demand and collect this sum of money, for in mistreating Pro-Consul Hatch the Nicaraguans were insulting the British flag, a thing that the nation submits to, whether the insult is big or little. And this resistance and attempt to prevent the British from getting the money will, it is expected, only make the cost greater to Nicaragua, for the British will be likely to add the cost of collecting to the original sum. It is doubtful, moreover, whether the closing of Corinto is such a shrewd move. It is a well-established principle of international law that one payment of duties is enough, and if the British collect them and the Nicaraguans seize the goods she may have them to pay for.

WENT BACK ON UNCLE SAM.

Refused to Accept a Compromise Obtained by Ambassador Bayard.

It turns out that Admiral Stephenson, of the British fleet, received Nicaragua's reply to the ultimatum on Friday and that the reply was an absolute refusal to agree with the ultimatum. A dispatch from London says that "Ambassador Bayard, acting under instructions from Washington, represented to the British foreign office that Nicaragua, if given two weeks additional time from the expiration of the three days fixed in the ultimatum, would meet Great Britain's demand for the payment of \$25,000 indemnity for the expulsion of Pro-Consul Hatch. Lord Kimberley acceded to this, and as it was presumed that the state department at Washington was acting for Nicaragua it was thought that the incident would be closed without further complications. But as Nicaragua refused at the last moment to acquiesce in this arrangement the original plan of occupying Corinto was carried out.

It is evident that both the United States and the Central American republics were anxious to secure a peaceful settlement of the difficulty by the payment of the indemnity demanded by Great Britain for the expulsion of Pro-Consul Hatch. Guatemala, San Salvador and Costa Rica strongly urged Nicaragua to pay the \$25,000 indemnity to Great Britain. The present president of Costa Rica even went so far as to offer to contribute one-fifth of the amount, but popular sentiment in Nicaragua was so set against England that the administration decided not to yield.

It is not known exactly what representations were made to the state department here by Nicaragua or Nicaragua's representative to induce Secretary Graham to cable Bayard these instructions. It is believed, however, that the Nicaraguan government rejected the plan to save itself from the wrath of the people and in the hope of ultimately inducing the active intervention of the United States. It is said that the state department that the expulsion of Consul Hatch was an offense that no self-respecting country could overlook and that prompt reparation was due Great Britain.

When Lampton and Wiltbank, citizens of the United States, were expelled from Bluefields last July for alleged complicity in the conspiracy to defy Nicaraguan authority on the Mosquito coast, in which it was said Consul Hatch was involved, the state department took such vigorous steps that Lampton and Wiltbank were not only permitted to return, but they were restored to all their rights and property, and a public ball was given in their honor. At that time it was believed that Nicaragua would show the same willingness to furnish redress to England that she did to the United States.

But by continued delay matters were allowed to reach the acute stage, and Great Britain, in accordance with the terms of her ultimatum, seized Corinto to enforce the payment of the indemnity claimed to be due her. Much interest is manifested in diplomatic circles in the situation. Secretary Graham drove to Woodley yesterday afternoon and had a long consultation with the president. It

was thought that some statement would be made, but upon his return the secretary declined to give out anything.

POSITION OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

No Interference While John Bull Does Not Attempt a Land Grab.

From the best information obtainable it seems almost certain that the administration will not attempt any interference with the dispute as long as Great Britain confines itself to the collection of the indemnity. The United States have maintained in the past that European powers could, in their international dealings with South and Central American countries, conduct their disputes in their own way as long as they did not seek to overthrow existing governments, set up monarchies or protectorates, or acquire territory.

If the occupancy of Corinto falls in its object and Great Britain should declare war on Nicaragua, it is said that the administration would still decline to interfere so long as the war was carried on not for the aggrandizement of Great Britain or the acquisition of territory, but for the sole purpose of collecting the indemnity. It is pointed out that for the United States to interpose to prevent England from carrying out the present method of collecting the debt would be equivalent to declaring a virtual protectorate over Nicaragua, and would keep us involved in endless broils with European powers.

It would give these states the privilege of resisting just claims of other countries and taking refuge behind the skirts of the United States. In other words, all diplomatic correspondence relative to these states would practically be carried on through Washington. Besides, it would greatly embarrass this government in the enforcement of its own claims against these countries. It is confidently believed that rather than suffer the seizure of other ports or bombardment, Nicaragua will comply and pay the indemnity.

There is some difference of opinion here as to whether the declaration of Nicaragua that Corinto is closed as a port of entry will be recognized. It is plainly within the power of any country to close a port in time of peace, but this country has always maintained (and in this we have been sustained by a port an effective blockade must be sustained, and England has not "blockaded" Corinto.

The president of Nicaragua has cabled to the Associated Press as follows: "Nicaragua protests before all nations against the outrage which Great Britain inflicts upon her by the military occupation of the port of Corinto, in order to seize from her by force a sum of money which is not owed, in absolute disregard of international law, and of the dictates of right, justice and equity."

May Arbitrate the Whole Question.

LONDON, April 30.—The parliamentary secretary of the foreign office, Sir Edward Grey, in the house of commons, in announcing the occupation of Corinto by the British forces, added that he must request time to answer the question whether the government would refer the whole question to arbitration. Care would be taken that the British trade was in no way hampered.

DECIDE FOR GOV. TURNEY.

Democrat of the Tennessee Legislature Committee Makes a Report.

NAKESVILLE, April 30.—The gubernatorial investigating committee has presented a majority report to the legislature. The report finds illegal votes were cast for Turney and for Evans. The losses and gains for each candidate in the counties and districts investigated are given and the committee reports that 25,000 illegal votes were cast by both parties. After assigning these illegal votes to the candidates for whom the committee reports they were cast, the committee reports that by the face of the returns Governor Turney has a plurality of 2,358 votes over Evans. Seven Democrats signed the report and the five Republican members will file a minority report. The joint convention of the legislature will meet tomorrow to consider the report and adopt or reject it. The report is based on violation of the poll tax law.

HITT'S CONDITION ALARMING.

The Illinois Representative Suffers Another Relapse.

WASHINGTON, April 30.—Mr. Hitt continued to grow worse during yesterday and last night his condition was alarming. At 8 o'clock a. m. his brain symptoms were becoming very serious. Fears were entertained that he might not survive the night.

Van Leuven Dying in Prison.

MINNEAPOLIS, April 30.—A special to The Tribune from Ansonia, Ia., says: Pension Agent Colonel George Van Leuven, in the hospital department of the Ansonia penitentiary, is slowly sinking. When he came to the prison he was quite a corpulent and robust man, although then suffering from diabetes. Since his incarceration here he has been constantly declining and has lost over fifty pounds in weight. The drain on his system heretofore has affected his limbs, which are about as large around as a person's wrist, but of late it has affected his body and chest. He is in fact approaching death.

Drummers Meet at Peoria.

PEORIA, Ill., April 30.—The fifth annual state convention of the Travelers' Protective association is being held in this city and large delegations are present from various parts of the state. The most important business will be the amendment to the constitution proposed by Neil McCool, president of the Chicago post, making the state convention a delegate assembly instead of a mass meeting as it is now.

THE DEATH RECORD.

STATES OF THE DECEASED.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—It is stated here that the continuance of the Debs case has no significance. The attorney general wired the district attorney at Chicago to continue the case until the July term of the court. It is expected that by that time Judge Grosscup, who is ill, will have sufficiently recovered his health to hear the case. Judge Grosscup heard the previous case and granted the injunction against Debs.

NAT S. JONES, prominent Board of Trade man, at Chicago.

THOMAS C. BUSEY, pioneer citizen of Springfield, O.

Mrs. CHRISTINA BORDNER, aged 105, at Lewistown, Ill.

Hon. GEORGE E. R. PRICE, prominent in Virginia politics, at Weston, Va.

FRANK HITCHCOCK, ex-United States marshal at Chicago, at Peoria, Ill.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF HAPPENINGS OF NOTE.

Work of the State Legislators at Springfield.—Bills and Resolutions Introduced, Etc.—Other State Items of General Interest to Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 30.—The senate put in most of the day discussing the drainage canal, the fight being, as previously, between the Valley and Chicago members. There was nothing new advanced in the argument. The appointment was announced of James A. Sexton, of Chicago, to succeed himself as trustee of the Quincy Soldiers' home, and it was confirmed. Bills were passed appropriating \$600 to each farmer's institute and providing for surrender of charters of corporations. The house advanced to third reading the bill appropriating \$200,000 for a western insane hospital, but refused to make it a homeopathic institution. Members of both houses were busy during the day entertaining the visiting Wisconsin legislators.

SPRINGFIELD, April 27.—In the senate the Leeper amendment to the drainage bill was adopted in pursuance of the agreement between the Chicago and Valley people. The bill was read the third time and made special order for next Tuesday. The amendment is to secure thorough dilution with lake water of Chicago sewage. A number of bills were advanced to third reading, among them Little's revenue bill. The house advanced all the bills on the calendar to third reading, including the "anti-Catholic" bill. Both houses adjourned to 5 p. m. Monday.

SPRINGFIELD, April 30.—In the house Hallock introduced a resolution the effect of which is that convicts should be used to work on the waterway channel between Lockport and LaSalle, instead of in the manufacture of various articles which when placed on the market demoralized the prices of free labor. Numbers of bills were advanced on the calendar and the house adjourned. In the senate about six members were present and after the introduction of one bill, and a resolution for the investigation of the "school book trust" and "school furniture trust" the senate adjourned.

Free Silver First, Last and Forever.

EFFINGHAM, Ill., April 30.—The Democratic of Effingham county met in this city to select delegates to the state convention at Springfield, June 5. Resolutions were unanimously adopted in favor of 16-to-1 free silver and instructing the delegates to the state convention to vote accordingly, first, last and all the time. The state committee's action in calling the convention was also approved. Nine-tenths of the delegates of this county are in favor of free silver. R. F. Lawson, chairman of the Republican county central committee and editor of the Republican organ of the county, is a pronounced silver advocate.

Accused of Embezzlement.

CHICAGO, April 30.—Archibald Campbell, secretary of the Scotch-American building Loan and Savings association, at 94 Washington street, was arrested, charged with embezzling \$4,700 of the association's funds. He was removed from his position as secretary and is succeeded by D. F. McDonald. The association was established in 1888. The president is William Wilson and the treasurer Peter McEwen.

Foreign Language Is Not Legal.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 30.—The attorney general rendered an opinion that city councils cannot legally appropriate city funds to publish ordinances in German language, as such publications would be illegal. All official publications must be in the English language.

Death of a Prominent Illinoisian.

PEORIA, April 30.—Frank Hitchcock, ex-United States marshal for the northern district of Illinois, and for seven terms sheriff of Peoria county and mayor of the city one term, died yesterday afternoon aged 57.

Notes of the State.

Saloon license in Elgin, Ill., has again been fixed at \$1,000 though half the council favored \$700. The mayor decided the tie vote.

A supersedeas has been granted by the Illinois supreme court in the case of Julius Schwabacher, sentenced for five years imprisonment for burglary.

A meeting of the high school superintendents of Illinois will be held at Champaign May 15 and 17 to discuss educational matters.

One case of smallpox is reported to the state board of health from Champaign County, Illinois. All the school children are ordered vaccinated.

The store of the Hulse Hardware company at Rockford, Ill., was entered and over \$500 worth of goods stolen.

Samuel H. Schroeder, a farmer of Schuyler county, Ill., committed suicide. Business troubles are said to have led to the act.

The remains of Louis Blasko, who was drowned some time ago, were found in the river at Rockford, Ill.

Job for Fittsmon and Maher.

PITTSBURGH, April 30.—Bob Fittsmon and Peter Maher have made a contract with the Edison Kinetoscope company to fight six rounds before a camera for \$5,000. The rounds will be one minute each, with three minutes' rest. The idea being to have a lively battle. If either man is knocked out before the end of the sixth round the winner will take all the money. If both stay to the end of the six rounds the one receiving the decision will get \$3,000 and the other \$2,000.

Man Lost from the Sake Shepherd.

TOLEDO, O., April 30.—Captain George Hayward and four of the crew of the little steamer Sake Shepherd, which foundered and sank just outside of Maumee bay, have arrived in Toledo safe and sound. They left the sinking steamer in a yawl just before she sank. William Jones, the cook, and Albert Hamilton, the engineer, were left on the wreck. Hamilton was afterwards rescued by the tug Roy of this city, but Jones was drowned.

Death Before Arrest.

MANOCOS, Colo., April 29.—Grant Wheeler, one of the men who robbed a Southern Pacific train, near Wilcox, Ariz., some months ago, shot and killed himself near Mancos. Officers have been pursuing him closely and the fugitive, finally making up his mind that no escape was possible, eluded justice by self-destruction.

BIRTHDAY OF GEN. GRANT.

Observed Much More Generally Than Heretofore—Gala Day.

GALENA, Ill., April 30.—Galena paid due homage to the memory of her great soldier-citizen, Grant. The city was in gala attire, flags floated from all the public buildings, and every private house and business block was decked in flags and bunting. The exercises of the day began when a special train arrived from Chicago bearing Hon. H. D. Estabrook, of Omaha, orator of the day; H. H. Kohlbas, Thomas Nast, Melville E. Stone and others. A parade was formed at the Illinois Central station and moved to Turner hall.

At Turner hall, J. B. Brown, president of the day, introduced the proceedings with a short speech; Rev. George D. Lindsay, the chaplain, offered prayer; Judge C. C. Kohlbas, of Chicago, made a short address, presenting to the city of Galena, in behalf of H. H. Kohlbas, the painting, "Peace in Union," by Thomas Nast, depicting the scene of Lee's surrender; Mayor Birmingham responded for the city, and Estabrook delivered his oration, which was an eloquent effort.

CHICAGO, April 30.—The birthday of General Grant was observed here more generally than ever before. The presence of Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris added interest to the exercises, held in the Auditorium under the auspices of the Chicago Press club. Orations on Grant were delivered by Luther L. Smith, of Chicago, and General O. Howard, of military exercises and martial songs completed the programme, which was carried out in the presence of 4,000 people. The Marquette club celebrated by a banquet at which Bontelle of Maine and Warner of Missouri spoke. Mrs. Grant was tendered a reception and hundreds of soldiers called on her.

The anniversary was more generally observed than ever before. At Pittsburg the American club gave a dinner. The speakers were Allison and Hepburn of Iowa, Grosvener of Ohio and others. At Philadelphia, ex-Representative Wise, of Virginia, was the orator and ex-Senator Higgins, of Delaware, had a twist of the lion's tail over the Niagara business. At Boston, General Horace Porter was the principal speaker. There were similar celebrations at a number of cities.

BOGUS "MESSIAH" INDICTED.

John Jacob Schweinfurth and His "Heaven" at Rockford in Trouble.

ROCKFORD, Ill., April 29.—Sheriff Olyer went to the "heaven" south of this city with a capias for the arrest of George Jacob Schweinfurth, indicted by the grand jury for living in open adultery with inmates of the place. The bogus messiah did not come out of the house for an hour after the arrival of the officers, but finally accepted service without resistance. The sheriff also had an execution to levy on his personal property on account of George W. Coudrey's \$60,000 judgment, obtained in Chicago, but every door and window was kept closely locked and guarded and he was unable to get in to make the levy.

Schweinfurth was under arrest and in custody of the sheriff in Rockford six hours, but finally furnished bail in the amount of \$5,000, the bond being signed by the Weldon, owners of the 500-acre farm on which the "heaven" is located. The bond is only good until today, when Schweinfurth, Mary Weldon, Isabelle Tuttle and Margaret Tait Weldon, will probably enter pleas to the indictments returned against them.

CYCLONE DROPS DOWN ON OMAHA.

Wipes Out Four Buildings and Injures a Dozen Persons.

OMAHA, April 30.—A cyclone dropped down on this city, covering a space about four blocks long, and wrecked four cottages. It was followed by a torrent of rain. Some of the residents who saw it from a vantage of three or four blocks away say that as nearly as could be seen in the darkness it looked as though a bunch of clouds came swirling through the air from the northwest, and after striking the cottages bounded into the air like a ball.

A dozen persons were more or less injured, the most serious cases being the following: W. A. Barnett, out on the face and head; Mrs. Barnett, internally injured; F. V. Thompson, struck by flying timber and seriously hurt in the head; three Barnett children, more or less cut and bruised; Mrs. Max Sunderland, hurt by falling timber. Several others were slightly hurt.

Fire in a North Dakota Town.

ST. PAUL, April 30.—Fire destroyed the greater portion of Minnewaukan, N. D., in the northern part of the state near the Manitoba border. Only two business houses are left. The Northern Pacific depot was one of the buildings burned. Those who were burned out are T. E. Mather, William Flummer, J. M. O'Brien, Mrs. C. Brown, Benson County, Dak., K. Richmond & Sons, the North Dakota Sifters' newspaper, and J. J. Geary. The aggregate loss is \$40,000, with \$15,000 insurance.

Deluge of Death.

PARIS, April 30.—The great dam at Boussy, in the Epinal district, has fallen to pieces and let its immense volume of water down through the valley below. One hundred and fifteen deaths have already been reported and the end is not yet, while the destruction of property will reach, it is expected, \$5,000,000 francs. The whole Avere valley is a scene of ruin and desolation. The roads are strewn with the debris from the houses, the barns and the fences of the peasants.

Suicide of a Popular Commander.

NEW ORLEANS, April 30.—Captain W. H. Beaham, the well-known and popular commander of Battery B, Louisiana Field artillery, who has been suffering for some weeks from nervous prostration, shot himself fatally at Long Beach, Miss. Captain Beaham has for several years been permanently identified with the business, military and political interests of the city, and at the time of his death was a member of the board of police commissioners.

Ten Men Drowned.

BALTIMORE, April 27.—A report comes from Burham's wharf, Middlesex county, Va., that during a storm on the Rappahannock ten men—two white and eight colored—were drowned. When the storm broke a number of canoes sought safety under the lee of a vessel. The vessel dragged anchor and the canoes were cut loose. It was the occupants of these boats that were drowned.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, April 24.

Isaac La Forge, of Pine Bush, N. Y., aged 74 and infirm, shot and killed himself.

Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt will resign to accept the position of police commissioner of New York city.

The Florida house of representatives has passed a bill prohibiting white and negro children being taught in the same school.

Dr. Buchanan, the alleged wife poisoner, has been given a respite for a week by Governor Morton.

The national fish commission expects this year to almost double the work of last year. In 1894 about 400,000 fish were distributed. Millions of fish will be planted in the great lakes.

A plan has been adopted for the housing of the through which will go to the Chicomanga battlefield exercises next fall. Special buildings will be erected.

The safe of the Nyack, N. Y., postoffice was blown open and robbed of \$1,500 in money and stamps.

Thursday, April 25.

James R. Holland, cashier of the Merchants and Farmers' National bank, of Charlotte, S. C., has been discovered short in his accounts to the amount of \$75,000.

Fifty tons of nitro-glycerine exploded near Lima, O., the shock being felt for twenty miles. Much glass broken, but no lives were lost.

Counterfeit silver dollars are numerous at Milwaukee and have not yet been traced to their makers and circulators. The coins bear the date 1891, have a good ring, but are brittle and considerably below weight.

The longest game of chess on record required between five and six years to play it. One player was in England and one in Australia, and the game was played by post.

Two sneak thieves entered the First National bank at Plainfield, N. J., and while one engaged the two clerks present in conversation the other stole \$25,000 from the vault and both got away.

Bishop Ruler, of the Delaware Methodist conference, has decided that smoking is a sin, rendering a minister amenable to discipline.

Friday, April 26.

Burglars blew open the safe of Noah Herliar, merchant, Port Royal, Pa., and took therefrom, principally in stocks and bonds, \$25,000. The only money obtained was \$270.

Senor Dupuy de Lome, the new Spanish minister to the United States, has arrived at New York from Havana, and in an interview takes occasion to say that the Cuban "revolution" amounts to very little.

Japan tells Russia that the peace convention, including all that Japan has gained, must stand, growl the bear never so strongly. Japan was obliged to be hard on China in order to satisfy the Japanese war party.

New Orleans citizens have appointed a committee to secure the holding of the national Democratic convention in that city.

A note for \$200,000 sent from New York to San Francisco for collection and signed by the late James G. Fair, as alleged, has been pronounced a clever forgery.

Tillie Kanch, a 6-year-old child, at New York who ate "April fool" candy, was poisoned thereby and is dead.

Saturday, April 27.

It is now rumored that some of the Chinese generals are opposing the ratification of the Sino-Jap peace treaty, and that there is doubt of its ratification.

There were no lives lost at the Montreal fire. There were twenty-three casualties, all severe, and four undoubtedly fatal. Several others may die. The money loss was \$500,000.

The Republican plurality in Michigan at the election for supreme justice was 50,487. The majority over all was 26,144. Population cast 25,945 votes and Prohibitionists 13,116.

Old fellows all over the country celebrated their anniversary—the seventy-sixth.

Before leaving this country for England (which they did today) Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Curson dined with the president's family several times and Mr. Cleveland is said to have given the member of parliament some valuable tips on married life.

John Tincher, editor of the Weekly News at Pawhuska, has been banished from the Osage nation by Indian Agents Freeman because he "roasted" Freeman bitterly in his paper.

Sunday, April 28.

Kaiser Wilhelm is visiting his grandmother, Queen Victoria, who is at Darmstadt attending the christening festivities of one of her great-grandchildren.

Zella Nicolaus, now Mrs. Ruhman, is suing George Gould for \$50,000, complaining of malicious prosecution. She says Gould has attacked her reputation.

Judge Showalter, at Chicago, has decided that the numeral combination "27" is a valid trade mark.

Medinger, the famous French bicycle rider, was shot and killed at Paris with a revolver by his wife, who afterwards committed suicide. Jealousy.

Mrs. Henry W. Huggan and George W. King have been held for trial without bail at Muskegon, Mich., on the charge of poisoning the former's second husband.

At Galveston, Tex., Dan Creedon knocked out Billy McCarthy in three rounds and one minute.

The National Worsted Weavers' union demanded of the Olneyville, R. I., mills the restoration of the scale of 1893 and it was flatly refused. A strike will probably follow.

Tuesday, April 30.

Lady Arthur Hill has written two new songs, bringing the number she has published up to thirty. The first she wrote is best known of them all. It is "In the Gloaming."

Invention is one of the steady habits of Connecticut. Last year one patent was taken out for every 9.3 inhabitants of the state.

Fire in the Hamline furniture factory at Chicago destroyed the structure and caused a loss of \$50,000, partly insured. It is thought the fire started from spontaneous combustion. One hundred men are thrown out of employment.

When Vice President Stevenson was presiding at the oratorical contest between the Northwestern and Michigan universities at Evanston, Ill., his overcoat was stolen.

TRIED TO ABDUCT HER CHILD.

Another Sensation in the Stiles Domestic Intelligently at Chicago.

CHICAGO, April 27.—Mrs. Lillian Brower Stiles, defendant in the famous divorce case in which her husband named Herbert Crane, the wealthy manufacturer of this city, as co-respondent, made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to abduct her young daughter from the place where the child was placed by the father. After the conclusion of the suit the little child was left with Mrs. Stiles at St. Charles, Ill. From that place she was taken by her father, who placed her in St. Xavier's academy in this city. Mrs. Stiles, accompanied by John Feeney, said to be a detective, visited the school and attempted to take her daughter from the place. Sister Agatha, of the school, tried to take the little girl from Mrs. Stiles, and a desperate struggle ensued between the two women.

Feeney came to the aid of Mrs. Stiles and waved a revolver, threatening to shoot anybody who interfered with him or Mrs. Stiles. The sister refused to give up the girl, however, and Feeney, seeing that help was coming to the aid of the sister, hurried out of the building. The matter was finally compromised, Mrs. Stiles agreeing to leave the girl in the school if she should be allowed to see her once a week. This was agreed to, and Mrs. Stiles left the school.

CHICAGO, April 30.—Folly Stiles was taken before Judge Goggin in answer to habeas corpus proceedings begun by Mrs. Stiles following her ineffectual attempt to take the child from St. Francis Xavier academy. The hearing was set for May 15 and the court entered an order allowing the child to remain at the academy until that date.

EX-SENATOR WILSON'S FUNERAL.

Prominent Man from Far and Wide Attend the Statesman's Burial.

FAIRFIELD, Ia., April 28.—The remains of ex-United States senator James F. Wilson were interred here yesterday afternoon. It is probable that the attendance upon the ceremonies exceeded any in the history of this portion of the state. All the neighboring cities were represented by delegations of prominent men. Among those who were present to pay a last tribute of respect to the dead statesman were Governor Morrill, of Kansas; ex-United States Senator Harlan, Senator Allison, and Hon. J. S. Woolson, of the United States district court. A guard of honor of 100 old soldiers and thousands of citizens accompanied the remains to their last resting place.

Iowa Democrats in Conference.

DES MOINES, April 28.—The members of the

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

CHAPTER XV.

Tuesday still, and all manner of things had happened and were still to happen in the hurrying hours that followed Sunday night. The garrison woke at Tuesday's reveille in much perturbation of spirit, as has been said, but by 8 o'clock and breakfast time one cause of perplexity was at an end. Relief had come with Monday afternoon and Alice Renwick's letter saying she would not attend the German, and now still greater relief in the news that sped from mouth to mouth—Lieutenant Jerrold was in close arrest. Armitage and Chester had been again in consultation Monday night, said the gossips, and something new had been discovered—no one knew just what—and the toils had settled upon Jerrold's handsome head, and now he was to be tried. As usual in such cases, the news came in through the kitchen, and most officers heard it at the breakfast table from the lips of their better halves, who could hardly find words to express their sentiments as to the inability of their lords to explain the new phase of the situation. When the first sergeant of Company B came around to Captain Armitage with the sickbook soon after 6 in the morning the captain briefly directed him to transfer Lieutenant Jerrold on the morning report from present for duty to "in arrest," and no sooner was it known at the quarters of Company B than it began to work back to officers' row through the medium of the servants and strikers.

It was the sole topic of talk for a full hour. Many ladies who had intended going to town by the early train almost perished their chances of catching the same in their eagerness to hear further details.

But the shriek of the whistle far up the valley broke up the group that was so busily chatting and speculating over in the quadrangle, and with shy yet curious eyes the party of at least a dozen—matrons and maids, wives or sisters of the officers—scurried past the darkened windows of Mr. Jerrold's quarters, and through the mysterious passage west of the colonel's silent house, and down the long stairs, just in time to catch the train that whirled them away cityward almost as soon as it had disgorged the morning's mail. Chatting and laughing and full of blithe anticipation of the glories of the coming German, in preparation for which most of their number had found it necessary to run in for just an hour's shopping, they went jubilantly on their way. Shopping done, they would all meet, take luncheon together at the Woman's Exchange, return to the post by the afternoon train and have plenty of time for a little nap before dressing for the German. Perhaps the most interesting question now up for discussion was, Who would lead with Mr. Rollins? The train went puffing into the crowded depot, the ladies hastened forth and in a moment were on the street, cabs and carriages were passed in disdain, a brisk walk of a block carried them to the main thoroughfare and into the heart of the shopping district, a rush of hoots and wheels and pedestrians there encountered them, and the roar assailed their sensitive and unaccustomed ears, yet high above it all pierced and pealed the shrill voices of the newsboys darting here and there with their eagerly bought journals. But women bent on Germans and shopping have time and ears for no such news as that which demands the publication of extras. Some of them never hear or heed the cry: "Indian massacre!" "Here y'are! All about the killing of Major Thornton and his soldiers!" "Extra! Extra!"

It is not until they reach the broad portals of the great Stewart of the west that one of their number, half incredulously, buys a copy and reads aloud: "Major Thornton, —th infantry, Captain Langham and Lieutenant Bliss, —th cavalry, and 80 men are killed. Captains Wright and Lane and Lieutenants Willard and Brooks, —th cavalry and some 40 more men are seriously wounded. The rest of the command is corralled by an overwhelming force of Indians, and their only hope is to hold out until help can reach them. All troops along the line of the Union Pacific are already under orders."

"Oh, isn't it dreadful!"

"Yes, but aren't you glad it wasn't ours? Oh, look! There's Nina Beaubien over there in her carriage. Do let's find out if she's going to lead with Rollins."

Yes, indeed! Far out in the glorious park country in the heart of the Centennial State a little band of blue coats sent to snore a periled agent is making desperate stand against fearful odds. Less than 200 men has the exalted wisdom of the department sent forth through the wilderness to find and, if need be, fight its way through five times its weight in well armed foes. The officers and men have no special quarrel with those Indians, nor the Indians with them. Only two winters before, when those same Indians were sick and starving, and their lying go-betweens, the bureau employees, would give them neither food nor justice, a small band made their way to the railway and were fed on soldier food and their wrongs righted by soldier justice. But another year has come now, and this time the bureau people are in a pickle, and the army—over between two fires at least, and thankful when it isn't six—is ordered to send a little force and go out there and help the agent maintain his authority. The very night before

the column reaches the borders of the reservation the leading chiefs come in camp to interview the officers, shake hands, beg tobacco and try on their clothes, then go back to their braves and laugh as they tell there are only a handful, and plan the morrow's ambush and massacre. Yes, indeed! There are women and children among the garrisons along the Union Pacific whose hearts have little room for thoughts of Germans in the horror of this morning's tidings. But Sibley is miles and miles away, and as Mrs. Wheeler says, aren't you glad it wasn't ours?

Out at the fort there is a different scene. The morning journals and the clicking telegraph send a thrill throughout the whole command. The train has barely whistled out of sight when the ringing notes of officers' call resound through the quadrangle and over the broader drill ground beyond. Wondering, but prompt, the staid captains and eager subalterns come hurrying to headquarters, and the band, that had come forth and taken its station on the parade, all ready for guard mount, goes quickly back, while the men gather in big squads along the shaded row of their quarters and watch the rapid assembly at the office. And there old Chester, with kindling eyes, reads to the silent company the brief official order. Aye, though it be miles and miles away, fast as steam and wheel can take it, the good old regiment in all its sturdy strength goes forth to join the rescue of the imprisoned comrades far in the Colorado Rockies. "Have your entire command in readiness for immediate field service in the department of the Platte. Special train will be there to take you by noon at latest." And though many a man has lost friend and comrade in the tragedy that calls them forth, and though many a brow clouds for the moment with the bitter news of such useless sacrifice, every eye brightens, every muscle seems to brace, every nerve and pulse to throb and thrill with the glorious excitement of quick assembly and coming action. Aye, we are miles and miles away. We leave the dear old post, with homes and firesides, wives, children and sweethearts, all to the care of the few whom sickness or old wounds or advancing years render unfit for hard, sharp marching, and, thank God, we'll be there to take a hand and help those gallant fellows out of their "corral," or to have one good blow at the cowardly hounds who lured and lied to them!

How the "assembly" rings on the morning air! How quick they spring to the ranks, those eager bearded faces and trim blue clad forms! How buoyant and brisk even the elders seem as the captains speed over to their company quarters and the quick, stirring orders are given: "Field kits; all the cooked rations you have on hand; overcoat, blanket, extra socks and underclothes; every cartridge you've got; haversack and canteen and nothing else. Now get ready—lively!" How irrepressible is the cheer that goes up! How we pity the swells of the light battery who have to stay! How wistful those fellows look, and how eagerly they throng about the barracks, yearning to go, and, since that is denied, praying to be of use in some way! Small wonder is it that all the bustle and excitement penetrates the portals of Mr. Jerrold's darkened quarters, and the shutters are thrown open and his bandaged head comes forth.

"What is it, Harris?" he demands of a light batteryman who is hurrying past. "Orders for Colorado, sir. The regiment goes by special train. Major Thornton's command's been massacred, and there's a big fight ahead."

"My God! Here, stop one moment! Run over to Company B and see if you can find my servant or Merrick or somebody. If not, you come back quick. I want to send a note to Captain Armitage."

"I can take it, sir. We're not going. The band and the battery have to stay."

And Jerrold, with trembling hand and feverish haste, seats himself at the same desk whence on that fatal morning he sent the note that wrought such disaster, and as he rises and hands his massive forth, throwing wide open the shutters as he does so, his bedroom door flies open, and a whirling gust of the morning wind sweeps through from rear to front, and half a score of bills and billets, letters and scraps of paper, go ballooning out upon the parade.

"By heaven!" he mutters, "that's how it happened, is it? Look at them go!" for going they were, in spiral eddies or fluttering ships, up the grassy "quad" and over among the rose-bushes of Alice Renwick's garden. Over on the other side of the narrow, old fashioned frontier fort the men were bustling about, and their exultant, eager voices rang out on the morning air. All was life and animation, and even in Jerrold's selfish soul there rose responsive echo to the soldiery spirit that seemed to pervade the whole command. It was their first summons to active field duty with prospective battle since he had joined, and with all his shortcomings as a "duty" officer in garrison and his many frailties of character, Jerrold was not the man to lurk in the rear when there was danger ahead. It dawned on him with sudden and crushing force that now it lay in the power of his enemies to do him vital injury; that he could be held here at the post like a suspected felon, a mark for every finger, a target for every tongue, while every other officer of his regiment was

hurrying with his men to take his knightly share in the coming onset. It was intolerable, shameful. He paced the floor of his little parlor in nervous misery, ever and anon gazing from the window for sight of his captain. It was to him he had written, urging that he be permitted a few moments' talk. "This is no time for a personal misunderstanding," he wrote. "I must see you at once. I can clear away the doubts, can explain my action; but, for heaven's sake, intercede for me with Captain Chester that I may go with the command."

As luck would have it, Armitage was with Chester at the office when the letter was handed in. He opened it, gave a whistle of surprise and simply held it forth to the temporary commander.

"Read that," he said.

Chester frowned, but took the note and looked it curiously over.

"I have no patience with the man now," he said. "Of course, after what I saw last night, I begin to understand the nature of his defense, but we don't want any such man in the regiment after this. What's the use of taking him with us?"

"That isn't the point," said Armitage. "Now or never, possibly, is the time to clear up this mystery. Of course Maynard will be up to join us by the first train, and what won't it be worth to him to have positive proof that all his fears were unfounded?"

"Even if it wasn't Jerrold, there is still the fact that I saw a man clambering out of her window. How is that to be cleared up?" said Chester gloomily.

"That may come later and won't be such a bugbear as you think. If you are not worried into a morbid condition over all this trouble, you would not look so seriously upon a thing which I regard as a piece of mere night prowling, with a possible edge of romance."

"What romance, I'd like to know?"

"Never mind that now. I'm playing detective for the time being. Let me see Jerrold for you and find out what he has to offer. Then you can decide. Are you willing? All right! But remember this while I think of it. You admit that the light you saw on the wall Sunday night was exactly like that which you saw the night of your adventure, and that the shadows were thrown in the same way. You thought that night that the light was turned up and afterward turned out in her room, and that it was her figure you saw at the window. Didn't you?"

"Yes. What then?"

"Well, I believe her statement that she saw and heard nothing until reveille. I believe it was Mrs. Maynard who did the whole thing without Miss Renwick's knowing anything about it."

"Why?"

"Because I accomplished the feat with the aid of the little night lamp that I found beside the colonel's bedside. It is my theory that Mrs. Maynard was restless after the colonel finally fell asleep; that she heard your tumble and took her little lamp, crossed over into Miss Renwick's room, opened the door without crying, as I can do to your satisfaction, found her sleeping quietly, but the room a trifle close and warm, set her night lamp down on the table, as I did, threw her shadow on the wall, as I did, and opened the shade, as you thought her daughter did. Then she withdrew and left those doors open—both hers and her daughter's—and the light, instead of being turned down, as you thought, was simply carried back into her own room."

"That is all possible. But how about the man in her room? Nothing was stolen, though money and jewelry were lying around loose. If theft was not the object, what was?"

"Theft certainly was not, and I'm not prepared to say what was, but I have reason to believe it wasn't Miss Renwick."

"Anything to prove it?"

"Yes, and, though time is precious and I cannot show you, you may take my word for it. We must be off at noon, and both of us have much to do, but there may be no other chance to talk, and before you leave this post I want you to realize her utter innocence."

"I want to, Armitage."

"I know you do, so look here. We assume that the same man paid the night visit both here and at Sablon, and that he wanted to see the same person—if he did not come to steal; do we not?"

"Yes."

"We know that at Sablon it was Mrs. Maynard he sought and called. The colonel says so."

"Yes."

"Presumably, then, it was she—not her daughter—he had some reason for wanting to see here at Sibley. What is more, if he wanted to see Miss Renwick, there was nothing to prevent his going right into her window?"

"Nothing."

"Well, I believe I can prove he didn't. On the contrary, that he went around by the roof of the porch to the colonel's room and tried there, but found it risky on account of the blinds, and that finally he entered the hall window—what might be called neutral ground. The painters had been at work there, as you said, two days before, and the paint on the slats was not quite dry. The blinds and sills were the only things they had touched up on that front, it seems, and nothing on the sides. Now, on the fresh paint of the colonel's slats are the new imprints of masculine thumb and fingers, and on the sill of the hall window is a footprint that I know to be other than Jerrold's."

"Why?"

"Because he doesn't own such a thing as this track was made with, and I don't know a man in this command who does. It was the handiwork of the Tonto Apaches and came from the other side of the continent."

"You mean it was?"

"Exactly. An Indian moccasim."

Meantime Mr. Jerrold had been making hurried preparations, as he had fully determined that at any cost he would go with the regiment. He had

been burning a number of letters when Captain Armitage knocked and hurriedly entered. Jerrold pushed forward a chair and plunged at once into the matter at issue:

"There is no time to waste, captain. I have sent to you to ask what I can do to be released from arrest and permitted to go with the command."

"Answer the questions I put to you the other night and certify to your an-



"What can I do to be released from arrest?"

swers, and of course you'll have to apologize to Captain Chester for your last night's language."

"That, of course, though you will admit it looked like spying. Now let me ask you, Did he tell you who the lady was?"

"No; I told him."

"How did you know?"

"By intuition and my knowledge of previous circumstances."

"We have no time to discuss it. I make no attempt to conceal it now, but I ask that, on your honor, neither you nor he reveal it."

"And continue to let the garrison believe that you were in Miss Renwick's room that ghastly night?" asked Armitage dryly.

Jerrold flushed: "I have denied that, and I would have proved my alibi could I have done so without betraying a woman's secret. Must I tell?"

"So far as I am concerned, Mr. Jerrold," said Armitage, with cold and relentless meaning, "you not only must tell—you must prove—both that night's doings and Saturday night's, both that and how you obtained that photograph."

"My God! In one case it is a woman's name. In the other I have promised on honor not to reveal it."

"That ends it then. You remain here in close arrest, and the charges against you will be pushed to the bitter end. I will write them this very hour."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Are Thanks Unnecessary?

"A great deal is said about men being thanked for giving up their seats in the street cars to women," said a man in conversation with a friend. "Now, for my part, I don't want to be thanked for simply doing my duty."

"But is it your duty," asked the friend, "to give up a seat for which you have paid and stand up the entire trip to accommodate a stranger?"

"I look at it as a duty. It is a deal easier for a man to hang to a strap than it is for a woman. The fact that a woman is standing while I sit annoys me. It does not matter in the least to me that she is a stranger. I feel under obligations to give her my place."

"That is gallantry," sneered his friend.

"It comes nearer to being reciprocity. Every few days some man gives my wife or mother a seat in a crowded car, so I try to pass the courtesy on. Only yesterday I saw every man in a Gratiot avenue car give up his seat to some woman. Not one was thanked, or looked as if he expected to be, or indeed gave the woman in the case a chance to thank him. It was done as if all belonged to one family, but the true spirit of politeness was in the atmosphere, and thanks, though not audible, were felt. To tell the truth, it embarrasses me to have a woman repeat that set formula, 'Thank you, sir!'"

"I guess you're not often embarrassed," retorted his friend cynically, and there the conversation ended.—Detroit Free Press.

A Mother's Lament.

It was in the Black Sea that he fell from the bridge, and the captain said, "Is it Jack that is overboard?" For he loved him like a son, and he plunged in to save him. And the water was wild, and he grasped—but it was only his cap. And a sad present it was that they sent me that Christmas—his silver watch and chain. And since then I have been weak and weary, for he was the first of 13, and I loved him the best. Ah, Jesus sent and Jesus took! I know it must be so, but when I sit on the rocks I think maybe God took my son to some island in the sea, and when I see the birds skimming on the water I think maybe he was not drowned, but will come up out of the sea to his mother, who nursed him so dear.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Scotland.

Scotland was named from the Scotti, a tribe which had its birth in north Ireland. It was called by the natives Caledonia, "the little country of the Gaels," Gael properly signifying "a hidden rover." The Picts, who inhabited the lowlands of Scotland, were "painted men."

A Smart Youth.

A bright youth undergoing examination for admission to one of the government departments found himself confronted with the question:

"What is the distance from the earth to the sun?"

Not knowing the exact number of miles, he wrote in reply:

"I am unable to state accurately, but I don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with the proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship."

He passed his examination.—London Tit-Bits.

"Blind Tom," the idiot pianist, remembered nearly 4,000 compositions.

THE VANDERBILT DIVORCE.

An Example of the Most Pernicious Character Imaginable.

The method by which the Vanderbilt divorce was arranged is a scandal to our jurisprudence. Worse than that, it is an influence for the degradation of public morals and the breaking down of the popular sense of right and wrong.

Practically Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt divorced themselves. There was no hearing before a court. The parties did not appear before the tribunal. There was no public proof of infidelity on either side to serve as a punishment to the guilty party or as a deterrent influence in the case of others. The whole matter was arranged by dicker. The only function of the court was to give legal effect to the terms of the bargain.

Is it, then, the privilege of the rich to annul their marriages at pleasure by mutual agreement? The law, rigidly enforced against all ordinary citizens, prescribes that collusion between husband and wife shall be an effectual and peremptory bar to divorce. Yet this rich man and woman have sent their lawyers into court with a collusive agreement already made; the court has suppressed the evidence agreed to be presented by sending the case to a referee instead of hearing it in open session; the referee has made a report in accordance with the terms of the dicker; the court has affirmed it, ordering the papers sealed so that there may be no scandal—what means simply that the guilty party shall be spared all social shame and inconvenience—and the terms of the collusive agreement have been embodied in a decree which authorizes one party to marry again at pleasure and imposes upon the other a prohibition of marriage which is as ineffectual as a bull against a comet.

In saying this we do not mean to reflect upon Justice Barrett. He is a judge whose eminent learning and conspicuous service are properly appreciated by the community. But in this matter he is the instrument of a vicious system which prevails, we believe, only in New York and which certainly does not obtain in most of the other states.

Unless we accept the unclean doctrine of free love, marriage and divorce are not in any sense private matters. The family relation lies at the very foundation of society. Divorce equally with marriage is a matter of public concern and should be decreed only after a public hearing and public proof of statutory cause.

A case of this kind sets an example of the most pernicious character imaginable. It means to the majority that there is one law for the rich and another for the rest of us. It means that if you have money enough your marriage vows may count for nothing. It means that your misconduct will be carefully guarded against exposure by all the authority the courts possess. It means that while collusive divorce proceedings are peremptorily thrown out of court in the case of ordinary persons a multimillionaire and his wife may arrange such a proceeding in full assurance that it will be ratified by the courts, and that all the scandalous details will be securely hidden beneath the sacred seal of the tribunal.—New York World.

A ROYAL DORCAS ANNOYED.

The Princess of Wales Overwhelmed by Indignant Centenarians.

A kindly act of charity privately performed by the Princess of Wales without a thought of advertisement is now causing her much inconvenience. Some weeks ago the attention of the princess was drawn to the sadly destitute condition of a Mrs. Thomas, a centenarian living at Burryport, and the ancient dame was made happy by a handsome donation. This came to the knowledge of the local reporters, who naturally boomed royal benevolence. The result is that the princess is simply overwhelmed with applications for assistance on behalf of aged men and women and to judge from her correspondence there must be thousands of centenarians in this happy country.

Public notice has been given that the princess can give no more, but the stream of letters continues to flow to Marlborough House and Sandringham, and Miss Knollys, the chief private secretary, has been driven to devise a lithographed form of regretful refusal. Many of the applications are undoubtedly genuine. One from Llanelly, Wales, for instance, is accompanied by documentary evidence that Mrs. Elizabeth Morris attained her one hundred and fourth birthday on last Tuesday, but there are a good many undeniable attempts to swindle the royal Dorcas.—London Letter.

Mustaches Prohibited.

This is the rule at the well known banking house of Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59 Strand. None of the bank clerks wears mustaches, and it has long been considered a point of business etiquette that all the gentlemen employed at the bank should wear frock coats during business hours. A clerkship at Messrs. Coutts is considered one of the prizes in the banking profession. Some of the men are university graduates, many have been educated at one of the great public schools, while several have been called to the English bar. Some years ago an attempt was made to have the unwritten law regarding mustaches rescinded, but it was found that a greater number preferred the old custom to remain in force than were in favor of its abolition.

This curious custom is also said to prevail in some of the large tea-houses in the city, while it is well known that some Church of England bishops prefer the curates under their charge to be clean shaven. A lady who tried about three years ago to enforce a shaved face on the groom in her employment, and dismissed him at once because he refused compliance with her order, found that the law gave her no such power and was mulcted in £5 for wrongful dismissal and the costs of the action by the judge of the Bedford county court.—London Standard.

The Story of Brescia.

The little town of Bordighera, in Italy, has furnished the Easter palms at Rome since the year 1856. How the grant was obtained by Brescia, the brave old sea captain, is a curious story. Standing with the crowd in the open plaza before the cathedral of St. Peter's, he was gazing with breathless interest at the workmen engaged in erecting the Egyptian obelisk. So momentous and difficult a task was this regarded that Pope Sixtus V forbade any one to utter a loud word during the operation on pain of death.

All went well until the massive stone column reached a certain angle, when, to the horror of the multitude and the despair of the engineer, it ceased to move. Various expedients were resorted to, without avail, and all seemed lost, when suddenly a voice broke the silence, crying:

"Alga. Dai de l'alga ao corde!"

"Water. Give water to the ropes!"

This suggestion, which came from the old sailor, was quickly acted upon. The obelisk slowly righted itself and was successfully raised to the position it now occupies.

When the trembling Brescia was brought a prisoner before the pope for punishment, the latter not only pardoned the offense, but offered to grant him any reasonable request. The unselfish soul of the man showed itself when, instead of petitioning for some personal preferment, he begged that the right of furnishing the palms for Easter should be bestowed upon his family and the villagers of Bordighera, his birthplace. The request was granted and is respected to this day.—Our Dumb Animals.

Do We Ever Really Forget Anything?

The brain of mankind has been defined as a kind of photographic cylinder, which retains impressions made upon it through the medium of the senses, particularly through the eyes and ears. If this be true, memory must depend for its intensity or retentive qualities upon the degree of observation with which the record is made. Nor is this all. If memory's record is kept in the shape of indentations upon the folds of brain matter, are they ever entirely effaced? In other words, do we ever really forget anything? May it not be that in the inner depths of the brain memory has stored up recollections of things which are never again purposely turned to, perhaps, but which instantly spring into being and flash through the mind whenever we hear or see something which recalls them?

There are several well known mental phenomena which strengthen this theory. We know that memory often brightens during the last moments of life, and there are cases on record where Germans, French, Spaniards and others who, upon falling sick in this country scores of years after having entirely forgotten their native languages, recovered and used them upon their deathbeds. There is a theory that in all such cases the brain folds have relaxed, just as do the muscles and cords of the limbs and body, and that by so doing they expose to the mind's monitor indentations (recollections) which were long since folded up and put away as material that could not be of any particular use. Think of these things.—St. Louis Republic.

Wood Engraving.

No doubt there are few outside Germany who can engrave a head as finely as Klinkicht can in his own style, but as a general rule German engraving is far more precise, more mechanical, more according to formula, than that of either France or America. There is often great skill and sometimes considerable artistic feeling in German wood engraving, but, as a rule, it does not compare with the highest French work. Yet its condition is not unsatisfactory. Thanks chiefly to the great engraving "studios" or factories, which flourish upon the low prices at which copyright for wood engraving may be obtained from dealers and artists, the illustrated magazines and newspapers, not only of Germany, but of other countries, too, are kept supplied with excellently cut blocks, "at moderate prices, and with regularity and dispatch."

But the craftsman is rarely an artist, and when he is he is rather an artist in intelligence than an artist in feeling. He reveals the scientific and philosophic far more than the artistic side of the national temperament, and for that very reason no doubt his work is accepted without much question, and his existence is assured.—National Review.

The Unselfish Cricketer.

The cricket ground is a wholesome training field for young Englishmen. "It has cost me, one way or another, a fiver to play in this match. I have traveled 200 miles, and now I can say that I have played on a side which made 534 runs, and if I had staid away they would only have made 535."

So said a very good cricketer at the end of a two days' match, in the course of which he had received three balls only, but he said it without a semblance of grumbling in his voice. Being a cricketer, he had learned to lose sight of his personal failure in thinking of the success of his side, and we hope and believe that he felt that he would rather win a match wherein he made one run than score a century for a losing side.

Only on rare occasions do we meet a downright selfish cricketer, and then we instinctively feel that a man of his stamp would have done better had he confined his attention to the golf course, and that he is for some reason naturally incapable of taking advantage of the countless opportunities that cricket has afforded him of conquering a selfish and ill regulated disposition.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Rather Too Long.

A peasant went with his wife to the theater. At the conclusion of the first act he said to his better half: "Come along, old woman, let's go home. The second act doesn't begin till five years later."—Lokal Anzeiger.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, MAY 4, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the
principal places of amusement during the com-
ing week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—
Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—
Ward and James.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
Rejane.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
"Linsey-Woolsey."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—
"The Passing Show."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
"The Lost Paradise."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of
Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Six-
teenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate
the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—Thomas Davis.

MAJOR GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

The promotion of Gen. Wesley Merritt, commanding the Department of Dakota, to the major generalcy in the regular army, rendered vacant by the retirement, on account of age, of Maj. Gen. McCook, has given the liveliest satisfaction to the whole nation, and more particularly to every man who has had the honor of serving under, or with, that gallant and able chief. The career of Wesley Merritt forms a brilliant chapter in modern American military annals. A native of New York, an adopted son of Illinois, and a graduate of West Point, he had already had practical experience as a soldier when the Civil War broke out and threatened to disrupt the nation. He entered the smoke of battle among the very first, and he was second in command of the cavalry, under Sheridan, when the last important battle of the war was fought at Appomattox and Lee surrendered. Among that glorious galaxy of youthful generals, whose only counterparts were those of the first French Republic—among such splendid rivals as Custer, Miles, McKenzie, Forsyth and Kilpatrick, he shone a conspicuous and heroic figure, and was major general of Volunteers before he attained the age of thirty. He participated in numberless battles and particularly distinguished himself at Gettysburg, and during the campaigns of the Wilderness and the Shenandoah. Brave among the bravest, his skill and judgment were equal to his courage, and he is one of the few dashing generals of the army who have escaped the accusation of needless sacrificing their men on the altar of personal glory. Merritt always fought to the purpose, and wherever he struck the enemy reeled before his sabres.

When the war closed and the two great armies made their jubilee march through Washington, in May, 1865, Gen. Merritt rode at the head of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac through the capital, Sheridan having been detailed to watch the operations of the French allies of Maximilian on the Rio Grande. When the volunteer army was disbanded, Merritt was made Lieut.-Col. of the 9th Cavalry, and, in 1876, became Colonel of the "Fighting Fifth"—one of the finest horse regiments in the regular army. At its head he thrashed the Northern Cheyennes on War Bonnet Creek, and prevented them from aiding their brethren, the Sioux, who had just succeeded in checking Crook and wiping out Custer. Then, he marched to reinforce the former general on Tongue River, Wyoming, and participated in the terrible cross march from that stream to the Yellowstone, and thence to the Little Missouri, Heart River and the Belle Fourche. His regiment did effective service as Slim Buttes light, and a battalion of it was afterward employed in the winter campaign which resulted in the extermination of Dull Knife's Cheyenne village at the base of the Big Horn Mountains. His command continued to do gallant service against the hostiles until Crazy Horse surrend-
ered, in 1877. In the fall of 1879, Gen. Merritt led the relief expedition to Milk River, Colo., where the remnants of Maj. Thornburgh's command, their

leader and many soldiers having fallen, were besieged in rifle pits by an over-
whelming body of Utes, who had mur-
dered Agent Walker, carried off his
wife and daughter, and wrecked the
agency. Merritt arrived with the dash-
ing Fifth, in the nick of time, and
"officer's call," before dawn, on a fair
October morning, announced to Capt.
Scott-Payne and his beleaguered force
that succor was at hand. The general
sent back the wounded and the dis-
mounted men, and then pressed on,
with all his available force, against the
murderous hostiles. He was already in
sight of their encampment on Grand
River when couriers came post haste
from the railroad, over 200 miles dis-
tant, with orders from Washington to
abandon the campaign and retrace his
steps. Gen. Adam had been sent as a
peace maker to the Utes, and the latter
were thus permitted, greatly to Gen.
Merritt's chagrin, to go unwhipped of
justice.

This is only a scanty outline of the
great services rendered by Gen. Merritt
to his country, and certainly no soldier
has better deserved his promotion. He
carved his own way to fortune with his
good sword, and all his countrymen
and fellow citizens rejoice in the honor
which has crowned him.

In personal appearance Gen. Merritt
is tall—about six feet—very straight
and sparely, but strongly built. He has
a refined face, flashing gray eyes, a
complexion healthfully florid, and looks
like a man of about forty-five, although
he is some years older. In fact, he is in
the prime of his powers. In manner he
is dignified but cordial to those he
esteems, and his friendship, while un-
demonstrative, is like that of the late
General Cook, loyal and lasting. There
is nothing of the military snob about
Gen. Merritt. He is always the same
man. Rank makes no change in his
sentiments or disposition, and he is as
earnest and patriotic a citizen as he is a
brave and faithful soldier.

THE GATHERING AT THE MUSIC HALL.

The fine audience that greeted Messrs.
Finerty and Murphy at Central Music
Hall last Monday evening to listen to
the joint lecture on "The Story and
Songs of Ireland" was composed of the
most intelligent class of Irish-Americans
in this city, together with a very good
sized contingent of Americans of other
races. A large proportion of those
present belonged to what might be de-
scribed as the unorganized Irish people,
although the Irish organizations, and
particularly the Clan-na-Gael Guards,
were respectfully represented.

The 7th Regiment of Infantry, I. N. G.,
were inclined, we have been informed,
to turn out in uniform, as a body, but
some puerile objection was raised by
those in authority and the design was
abandoned, although Colonel Celby,
Lieut.-Col. Kavanagh, Major Carroll,
Captain Cassidy and numerous other
officers of the regiment were present in
multi or in uniform. Many of the
rank and file attended in civilian rail-
ment, but the 7th Regiment, as a whole,
missed the opportunity of presenting its
uniformed strength at a lecture which
dealt mainly with the military glory of
Irishmen in Ireland, Europe and Amer-
ica.

We suppose the leading spirits of the
7th were rendered morally timid by the
fear of hostile criticism from American
sources, but, we can assure them, they
never were more mistaken if they
thought that genuine Americans have
any objection to any fitting honor Irish-
men, in the American militia, may pay
to the Irish cause. There is no need to
be scared of any opinion racially hostile
to the Irish, and such opinion does not
come from an American source.

THE CITIZEN desires to thank, most
cordially, Major L. R. Buckley and his
splendid battalion of Clan-na-Gael
Guards for their presence in full uni-
form on the occasion. Their appear-
ance in the dress circle lent a pictur-
esque effect to the stately audience as-
sembled, and everybody spoke highly
of their soldierly appearance and
thorough discipline.

The band of the 7th Regiment, under
Prof. Forrest, covered itself with glory
in its masterly rendition of the Irish na-
tional and American military airs.
Nothing finer has been heard in Chi-
cago since the peerless band of the
Guards of the French Republic played
here twenty years ago. We may add
that Prof. Forrest and his men came
voluntarily—out of a patriotic desire to
do honor to the occasion.

The reception accorded Mr. Finerty
when he appeared on the platform was
grateful to him, as a testimonial of
friendship from fellow-citizens, most
of whom have known him since his
youth, and his gratefulness is not di-
minished by the fact that lectures, par-
ticularly on Irish subjects, have not
succeeded in checking Crook and wip-
ing out Custer. Then, he marched to
reinforce the former general on Tongue
River, Wyoming, and participated in
the terrible cross march from that
stream to the Yellowstone, and thence
to the Little Missouri, Heart River and
the Belle Fourche. His regiment did
effective service as Slim Buttes light,
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peace maker to the Utes, and the latter
were thus permitted, greatly to Gen.
Merritt's chagrin, to go unwhipped of
justice.

tions. THE CITIZEN believes that lec-
tures of this character do much to en-
large the opinion of Americans on the
Irish question, which has been too long
left in the hands of materialistic agi-
tators, who would fatten the body of
Ireland at the expense of her national
spirit. The Irish cause, when it ceases
to be national, is unworthy of serious
consideration. Ireland as a willing
British Province, under any form of
government, is a contemptible contem-
plation. We respect her present posi-
tion, because we know it is involuntary,
and she must await that opportunity
which God sends to all nations who re-
main faithful to the principle of human
liberty through every vicissitude.

THE SCOTTISH CONCERT.

The splendid gathering of the sons
and daughters of "Auld Reekie" that
greeted the Scottish Choral Union and
Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lely at Central
Music Hall, last Tuesday night, was
well repaid by the magnificent rendi-
tion of the old Scotch songs and ballads
given there. A number of the most
popular works of Burns, together with
the ever-familiar "Annie Laurie," and a
few selections from other poets formed
the programme.

Mr. Durward Lely, a tenor who had
been a grand opera artist and tenor-
soloist with Mme. Patti, was the prin-
cipal feature of the entertainment—in
fact, he was a distinct entertainment in
himself—and easily carried off the
honors of the evening.

His voice is a beautiful one. Unlike
most tenors, it is round and rich, with
a beautiful sympathetic quality that
fits it in a eminent manner for the ren-
ditiion of ballads. In the songs "O' a'
the airis the wind can blaw" and "The
land o' the Leal," Mr. Lely's voice was
at its best, while his performance of
"Come Under my Plaidie" and "Allister
MacAllister," set the audience wild
with delight. He certainly can please
any audience, and more especially a
Scotch national assemblage.

Mrs. Lely, a lady of unusual beauty,
accompanied her talented husband in a
faultless manner. Her excellence as a
pianist was well demonstrated in the
enore piece which she played after her
selection of Scotch melodies in the sec-
ond part of the programme.

The Scottish Choral Union is com-
posed of sixteen singers, all of whom
have excellent voices and are admirably
trained in part singing. In their differ-
ent selections the expression and shad-
ing were perfect and much credit is cer-
tainly due to their director, Prof. Alex.
Campbell, for the excellence of their
training.

Two of the soloists of the evening,
Misses Mary and Martha Brown, were
members of the chorus and sang in all
the part music. Both of the young
ladies looked very modest and pretty as
they stepped forward from the body of
singers, and their sweet manner had
almost as much to do with their success
as their singing. They are both blessed
with fine natural voices and may yet
make a mark in the world of song.

It would not be right for us to pass
over the graceful and beautiful tribute
paid by Mr. Lely to the poet, Thomas
Moore. He gave a succinct history of
the origin of Moore's Irish Melodies,
extolled the genius of the poet, and fin-
ished by singing "The Minstrel Boy"
in splendid style. It was also gratifying
to note that his praise of Burns was
scarcely greeted with more enthusiasm
than his words on Moore.

Congratulations are due to the Scot-
tish societies who organized and carried
this entertainment through to success,
and our own people might take a quiet
hint from it and set a similar movement
on foot. Although we have, at the low-
est calculation, about six times as many
Irish people in this city as there are
Scotch, yet there is no Irish society here
of the same character as the Scottish
Choral Union. It cannot be said that
we have not the singers, for a glance at
the names of our best church soloists
will reveal a number whose origin can
not be doubted; neither can we claim
that we have no directors, as the num-
ber of Irish musicians, both professional
and amateur, in this city is a large
one.

It is not necessary to organize a
chorus whose members are all capable
of singing difficult solos, nor is it abso-
lutely necessary that every member
should be capable of reading music at
the beginning. A number of young
people of both sexes, with some degree
of musical taste, and the desire to make
the thing a success, is all that is wanted.
A good director can be had at a small ex-
pense, and before such an organization
is three months in existence, the enjoy-
ment it will afford to the members and
their friends will amply repay them for
the first month, or six weeks, of hard
work. Our Irish melodies are some of
the most beautiful airs in the world,
and eminently fit for choral work.
Under a good director a chorus would
soon find new beauties in them, and an
annual public performance of them, by
such a body, would be a patriotic work
of vast importance. The experiment
is well worth a trial. Who will make
the effort?

DUBLIN, Ireland, has a new paper
called *To-day's Woman*. It is edited
and written by a group of talented
women, many of whom are university
graduates. Its leading article is by Sir
Charles Cameron on "Scientific Profes-
sions for Women." Progress in Eng-
land has been along different grooves

from what it has been in America. Here
women have entered law, medicine,
dentistry, the pulpit, chemistry, phar-
macy and architecture, while in Eng-
land they have seemingly avoided these
fields and have gone into geology, min-
eralogy, botany, zoology, paleontology
and higher mathematics. *To-day's
Woman* argues the adoption of the
American system.

A NEW IRISH MOVEMENT.

The following has been received from
New York for publication:

"NEW YORK, May 2, 1895.—A move-
ment has been set on foot to hold a
convention of Irish-Americans in one
of the large cities at an early date.
A number of gentlemen who have
been prominent in the Irish cause, and
who are of various schools of political
thought, have come to the conclusion
that the time has come for Irish-Ameri-
cans to inaugurate a new and bolder
policy in the interest of Irish independ-
ence. The agitation known as the Par-
nell or parliamentary movement, as far
as Irish nationality is concerned, is dead.
The Home Rule question has been ruled
out of practical British politics by the
British people. The new movement
abides by the decision, as far as the fur-
ther prosecution of parliamentary agi-
tation is concerned; but determines to
keep the flag of Irish independence still
flying, and will devote itself to forcing
the Irish question upon the attention of
the world, in such a manner as will in-
evitably compel a settlement more satis-
factory to Ireland, than any heretofore
offered by any British party. Mr. Glad-
stone said, in moving his Home Rule
bill: "If, therefore, the resistance to this
measure were to be bitter, obstinate and
prolonged, the question of repeal might
finally become an international one." The
promoters of the new movement
have been driven to adopt the alterna-
tive suggested by Mr. Gladstone, and
will try to make the demands of Ireland
a subject for international considera-
tion.

Several hundred Irish-Americans have
pledged their sympathy and co-opera-
tion, and the names are representative
of every section of the United States.
Among them will be found the Hon.
T. A. E. Weadock, of Bay City, Mich.;
M. J. Murphy, Bay City, Mich.; Hon.
O'Brien J. Atkinson, Fort Gratiot,
Mich.; O'Neill Ryan, Andrew Hoolan
and J. J. O'Connor, St. Louis, Mo.;
Hon. John Fitzpatrick, mayor of New
Orleans; T. Moroney, New Orleans;
Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere, ex-President
of the A.O.H., and Patrick O'Neill, of
Philadelphia; Thomas Greery, John
O'Toole and Mayor S. M. Hogan, of
Altoona, Pa.; Hon. M. Cooney and Dr.
M. C. O'Toole, San Francisco; Hon.
William J. Gleason and Capt. Patrick
Smith, of Cleveland, O.; Senator P. V.
Fitzpatrick, Frank Agnew, and John
F. Finerty, Chicago; Chris. A. Galla-
gher, Minneapolis, Minn.; Maurice Don-
nelly, Indianapolis, Ind.; John Guthrie,
Wilmington, Del.; William Lyman and
John P. Sutton of the Irish National
League of America; M. D. Gallagher a
prominent Land League worker, and
M. J. Langan, of New York; John D.
Carroll, Brooklyn; Thomas J. Dundon,
ex-National Treasurer of the A.O.H.,
Columbus, O.; James Killeen and M.
Martin, Nashville, Tenn.; Hon. C. T.
Driscoll and Hon. David Callaghan,
New Haven, Conn.; Patrick T. Moran,
Washington, D.C.; John H. Vaughan,
West Superior, Wis.; Capt. Michael
Mangan, Fond du Lac, Wis.; J. M.
Leonard, Fall River, Mass.; P. J. Judge,
Holyoke, Mass., and a large number of
others. Men from the most distant
points, including such cities as Seattle,
Tacoma and Los Angeles, and the vari-
ous centres in Montana, Idaho and Colo-
rado, have signified their intention of
being present at the meeting. All are
unanimous that the proposed movement
is not only opportune, but a positive
necessity for the Irish cause."

At the graduating exercises of St.
Joseph's Hospital Training School for
Nurses, held last week in the hospital,
there were present the Most Rev. P. A.
Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago; the
Right Rev. Bishop Watterson, of Cin-
cinnati; the Rev. E. M. Smith, the medi-
cal staff, and many friends of the gradu-
ates. Prof. Nicholas Senn addressed
the candidates for graduation, following
which, with the assistance of Dr. G. W.
Reynolds, he presented the diplomas and
medals. The graduates were: Jessie Mc-
Conachie, Monica Samz, Emma Louise
Kibben, Frances Elizabeth Crowell,
Gastina Maclean, Helen Wright, and
Elinor Beatrice Casey.

An autobiography of the novelist,
William Carleton, was recently dis-
covered in an old desk in London.
His two daughters, now aged, guarded
the manuscript jealously, and for over

a quarter of a century it lay undisturbed
in a drawer from which it was resur-
rected by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, of the
Irish Literary Society of London.
There are about 80,000 words in the
manuscript, and the task of finishing it
has been undertaken by Mr. O'Donoghue
who is one of the cleverest of Irish
biographers. The two daughters of the
novelist are in destitute circumstan-
ces and a fund for their relief has been
started by a number of literary people.
Contributions are received by Mr.
Alfred P. Graves, No. 8 Adelphi Ter-
race, Strand, S. W. London, England.

"PRINCE CONNLA of the Golden Hair,
and the Fairy Maiden" translated into
verse from the Gaelic of the "Old Celtic
Romances" of Prof. Joyce, and pub-
lished by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, is a
tale of the time of Conn of the Hundred
Battles, who flourished between A.D.
125 and 157, and the story tells how he
was taken off to the land of the ever-
young and ever-beautiful Tir-na-nog by
an lovely fairy maiden who sings an
alluring song, whose first stanza runs as
follows:

"I came from a land in the sun-bright
west
Where emerald valleys bloom—
Where murmuring waters lull to rest;
And the gales breathe rich perfume:
There the hills are crowned with eternal
green,
And the mildest of zephyrs play.
For wintee ne'er comes with his ice-
winds keen
But the year is one summer day:
Then, gold haired Connla, come with
me, come,
And we'll make thee king of our fairy
home."

IRISH MILITARY PHYSIQUE.

On March 3, 1883, Congress passed an
act for enrolling and calling out the na-
tional forces. In compliance with this
act, a complete enrolment of all per-
sons liable under the law to perform
military duty, namely, "all able-bodied
male citizens of the United States be-
tween the ages of twenty and forty-five
years," with certain exceptions, were
speedily made by boards of enrolment,
one in each congressional district, con-
sisting of a provost-marshal, a surgeon,
and a commissioner. In order that
none but able-bodied men should be put
in the field, a thorough and systematic
medical examination was necessary, and
on January 11, 1884, the "Medical
branch of the provost-marshal general's
bureau" was established, and to it was
assigned the supervision of all matters
pertaining to the medical examination
of men for military service, and to its
chief medical officer all surgeons of
boards of enrolment reported, and
from him received their instructions.
The surgeons were men of high standing
and repute in their profession, and had
given their time and talents to an ardu-
ous and unceasing work, from mo-
tives both of patriotism and of profes-
sional zeal. When the war of the
rebellion was brought to a close, in
April, 1865, the boards of enrolment
became unnecessary. But before sever-
ing his official relations with the sur-
geons who had so faithfully striven to
fulfill the purpose of the enrolment
law, it seemed obvious to the chief med-
ical officer that it would be of the high-
est importance to obtain from such ex-
perienced officers their deliberate judg-
ment upon the fitness and sufficiency of
its provisions. Influenced by these
views, a circular was sent to the sur-
geons of enrolment, in which, among a
dozen questions, the result of their ex-
perience was requested on the following
subject:

What nationality presents the greatest
physical aptitude for military service?

The following are some of the an-
swers received to the above question:
"PORTSMOUTH, N. H., June 15, 1885.
—I am inclined to regard the Irish,
French and Scotch as having the most
desirable height for a soldier, the largest
vitability, and consequently the greatest
power of endurance."

J. F. HALL, M. D.,
First Dist., N. H.

"RUTLAND, VT., June 9, 1885.—The
Irish are physically good men for sol-
diers. They have usually great muscu-
lar development, capacious chests, tight
joints, and abundant vitality."

B. F. MORGAN, M. D.,
First Dist., Vt.

"WORCESTER, MASS., June 12, 1885.—
I think the Americans present the
greatest aptitude for military life.
Next in order of capacity I should
place the Irish."

ORANIEL MARTIN, M. D.,
Eighth Dist., Mass.

"PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 1, 1885.—
The nationality which presents the
greatest physical aptitude for military
service would almost always be con-
ceded to the Irish; but in their capacity
for adapting themselves to circum-
stances, ingenuity in construction, and
ability to take care of themselves, the
native-born American excels all
others."

C. J. MCKNIGHT, M. D.,
First Dist., R. I.

"HARTFORD, CONN., June 18, 1885.—
From my limited observation in camp
and field life, as well as my experience
in my present office, I would give pre-
ference to Americans as soldiers over
other nationalities. Perhaps there is
but little difference physically between
Americans and Irish."

J. S. CURTIS, M. D.,
First Dist., Conn.

"NORWICH, CONN., June 15, 1885.—
Next to Americans, the majority of the
recruits and substitutes examined by
me have been natives of Ireland. The
natives of America have, in general,
possessed more physical stamina than
aliens. Of the latter, the Irish have,
I think, surpassed all others in physical
development."

R. MCC. LORD, M. D.,
Third Dist., Conn.

"NEW YORK CITY, June 11, 1885.—
I cannot clearly answer as to the supe-

riority for military capacity of any na-
tionality. My record shows the best
physical averages of Irish; yet I am not
clear to say that they are better than
our own countrymen."

JOHN R. VANKLECK, M. D.,
Seventh Dist., New York.

"ALBANY, N. Y., June 1, 1885.—The
native-born American seems to me
to present the greatest physical apti-
tude for military service. The Irish
are the next."

S. O. VANDERPOOL, M. D.,
Fourteenth Dist., N. Y.

"BALTIMORE, MD., June 15, 1885.—
Canadians that I have inspected are
well-developed men; how far this may
be characteristic of them as a nation-
ality cannot be learned from these exam-
inations, from the fact that the abili-
tied only through the ordeal of a rigid ex-
amination, particularly so, when the
most part came for the express purpose
of robbing the people and government
by desertion. The Irish and Germans
show but little, if any, difference in
their physique."

J. ROSE WARD, M. D.,
Second Md. Dist.

"ELLCOTT'S MILLS, June 12, 1885.—
The Irish deservedly stand high as pos-
sessing many soldierly qualities; but I
cannot indorse the opinion that they
are, of all the soldiers in our service, the
most capable physically. They may,
indeed, possess more abundant vitality,
but I am confident the Irishman's con-
stitution could not brook the southern
summer."

R. E. DORSEY, M. D.,
Fifth Maryland Dist.

"COVINGTON, KY., June 15, 1885.—So
far as my experience goes in reference
to recruits, I have seen none that excel
those of our own country. There is,
however, among the Canadians and
Irish a physical development, perfection
of form and symmetry of proportion
that I have rarely equalled in men
from any other nationality."

E. P. BUCKNER, M. D.,
Sixth District of Kentucky.

"HILLSBOROUGH, OHIO, May 31, 1885
—The best physically developed men I
have examined in this district are of
Celtic origin. But for good fighting
material, I think the western Americans
can excel any nationality. The cause
may be found in their early habit of
handling a gun."

DAVID NOBLE, M. D.,
Sixth District of Ohio.

"GREENSBURG, IND., May 25, 1885
—The physical aptitude of the Irish or
Celtic race generally is good, better,
perhaps, than the German or Teutonic,
and equal to the Anglo-Saxon. The
Celtic race is less inclined to flesh and
corpulency, and their action is quicker.
A large portion of the Irish in the army
are volunteers. You catch but few of
them by the draft. This may be ac-
counted for from their migratory
habits."

E. F. BOND, M. D.,
Fourth District Indiana.

"Most of the recruits examined here
were natives of the United States or of
Ireland. American recruits average in
height about 5 feet 7 inches; girth of
chest at expiration, 34. Irish recruits
average in height 5 feet 6 inches; girth
of chest at expiration about 36 inches.
The American soldier is more active
and calculating, while the Irish soldier
may be firmer and more enduring."

J. D. O'CONNELL,
Washington, D. C., April 27, 1895.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH CONSECRATION.

On Sunday, the 26th of May St. James'
Catholic Church, Wabash avenue and
Twenty-ninth street, will be con-
secrated, and will have the honor of being
the first Catholic Church in the West
to be consecrated. A house of worship
of this denomination cannot be con-
secrated until it is completed for all time
and entirely paid for, and St. James'
is the first church in the West to reach this
goal. The church structure and its sur-
roundings are valued at about \$250,000,
including the church and its furnis-
hing, the parochial school, and residence
and the land. The consecration cere-
mony will commence at 8 o'clock in the
morning, and Archbishop Feehan will
officiate as consecrator. At 11 o'clock
Bishop Burke of St. Joseph, Mich., will
celebrate the solemn high mass, the ser-
mon being preached by Rev. Father Con-
rad of Massachusetts. An elaborate musi-
cal programme has been prepared for
the day. In the evening there will be a
lecture by some noted Catholic divine,
not yet selected, the proceeds of which
will defray the expenses of the con-
secration. St. James' was organized in
1855, and occupied three different
structures at Twenty-sixth street and
Prairie avenue until 1878, when the
present structure was dedicated. The
Rev. Hugh McGuire has been with the
church since 1883, and has done the
greater part of the work which led to
the consecration. Aside from this, he
has built the parochial school at a cost
of \$25,000, and the finest parochial resi-
dence in Chicago.

When So Many people are taking and
deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla,
why don't you try it yourself? It
will build you up. Hood's Sarsaparilla
will make you strong.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick head-
ache, indigestion, biliousness. Try a box.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the
State of Michigan gave, in his annual
report for 1893, the

BROTHER JONATHAN OPENS FIRE ON THE A.P.A.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

With his plain-patched, currier breeches,
An' his red an' yellow coat,
He has just come up and registered and
casted his first vote.
Talkin', tellin' about the Bible, an' our
institutions grand,
An' that the Stars an' Stripes must float
from each schoolhouse in the land!

Tearin' up an' down on platforms, let-
tin' steam off agin' priests,
An' bishops, popes, and cardinals that
eat heretics at feasts.

Sayin' now's the time or never to de-
fend the flag we saved!—
Our homes, our wives an' children, er
by Rome we'll be enslaved!

Well, I've stood an' I've listened till be
got his rantin' through,
An' last night I stood in meetin', an' I
sez: Why, who be you?
Never heard of ye till yesterday!—since
that time I riz the axe
On my ole man at Concord an' ye run to
Halifax!

"Ye were mighty still when Sumter's
guns went shakin' up the land,
An' I had my Irish regiments march in
an' take a hand!
Great strappin' fellows, shot right down,
with a shamrock on their breast.
The Stars and Stripes above um, and a
cross inside their vests!

"The last guard of McClellan, an' Burn-
side's furthest dead!—
No, I guess not, stranger—jest yit, I ain't
goin' to lose my head!
Like 'nuff in goin' to heaven, our roads
may be apart,
But in plintin' to the general end, we're
all the same as heart

Some of my folks was Catholics as fur
back's '76!

An' thirty-six years later helped me out
er a nasty fix!

An' as for Irish—in Mexico—of all Zach's
bloodiest fields,
He found at Carro Gordo his biggest
boss was Shields!

But the way you've been talkin', St. Peter
raves an' swears

When comes along an Irishman that
kneels and says his prayers.

But now I come to think on't, an' look
ye in the face,

I'll be hanged if you ain't Irish—no
credit to the race!

But if you come to the United States to
jest kick up a stew,

'Tween Abner Jones an' his man Mike,
and neighbor Danahoe,

"Tell ye here, right a-squar an' how, ye'd
better shuck for home!

I don't want imported patriots to help
me keep out Rome!"

"THE STATUES OF HANKIND."

THE CITIZEN of March 18 reproduced
an article from the Boston Transcript
on the above subject, the closing para-
graph of which was as follows:

"At the top of the list of countries,
arranged in the order of stature, the
first seven, after the United States white
men, are Norway, Scotland, Denmark
and Holland, all northern nations."

In placing the two latter countries be-
fore Sweden, British North America
and Ireland, in the order of superiority
of stature, the Transcript has misrep-
resented the order of the official statement
and flatly contradicted the results of all
previous anthropological investigations.

I beg to submit the following tabular
statement which I have taken from the
report quoted by the Transcript, to wit:
"Medical Statistics of the United States
Protestant General's Bureau."

Statement exhibiting the average
height of the men of twenty-four nativ-
ities, in the order of superiority of
stature:

Nativities.	Number of men examined.	Mean height in inches.
United States (Indian)	4121	67.98
United States (white)	315,620	67.67
Norway	2,390	67.46
Scotland	3,478	67.08
British America	21,645	67.01
Sweden	1,190	66.89
Ireland	50,537	66.74
Denmark	888	66.64
Holland	989	66.63
Hungary	89	66.58
England	16,195	66.57
Germany	544,944	66.53
United States (colored)	25,828	66.53
Wales	1,104	66.41
Russia	122	66.39
Switzerland	1,829	66.38
West India	680	66.30
France	3,943	66.27
Poland	171	66.21
Mexico	91	66.11
Italy	339	66.00
South America	79	65.89
Spain	148	65.63
Portugal	81	65.43

a. Dr. Baxter states that these were
picked men.

b. The natives of Austria and Bel-
gium are included.

Switzerland, it will be observed, is
lower than might have been anticipated,
and Hungary as much higher, while the
negro holds a fairly intermediate posi-
tion.

The data upon which these figures
are based were derived from a careful
examination by medical experts of over
a half million of men. This is an ex-
tensive collection of observations, and
if it be proportionate its value is very
great. At all events the results are
actual measurements, and not like those
of Doctor Gould, guesses, inferences,
approximations, assumptions and sup-
positions.

During the first two years of the war,
the army of the United States was re-

cruted by volunteer enlistments, under
the control of the authorities of the sev-
eral states, and it was not until March
3, 1863, when this method had proved
inadequate, that Congress passed an act
creating a bureau to be known as the
protest-marshal general's bureau, which
should have charge, among other mat-
ters, of the recruiting of the volunteer
enlistments, if found practicable, or by
draft—should it be necessary. During
the war four drafts were made. The
first, the draft of 1863, furnished records
of the examination of 252,843 men;
under the second, which was made
under the call of March, 1864, 84,486 ex-
aminations were recorded; the third,
made under the call of July 18, 1864,
furnished records of 163,122 examina-
tions, and the fourth, made under the
call of December 19, 1864, furnished
records of the examination of 104,594,
making the total of drafted men exam-
ined 605,045. The number exempted
under the four drafts was 155,730, or a
ratio of 25.73 per thousand. During
the same period there were examined
225,639 volunteers and 79,968 substitu-
tes. Of the former, 50,008, or a ratio
22.16, and of the latter, 21,125, or a
ratio of 26.47 per thousand were re-
jected. The total number of examina-
tions (exclusive of enrolled men who
came up for exemption from the draft,
or rather to have their names stricken
from the lists), is 910,652. A little over
one-half of this number only has been
examined by Dr. Baxter, owing to incom-
pleteness in the remainder. This incom-
pleteness was found largely among
those of an earlier date—those made
prior to the establishment of the medical
bureau of the protest-marshal general's
bureau; but as those which could be
used seemed to be fair representatives of
all, the omission abridged the work
rather than detracted from its value.
The data from which Dr. Baxter's sta-
tistics are compiled vastly exceeded in
extent and accuracy any of a similar
nature ever before collected and pub-
lished; and the exclusion of all incom-
plete records from the statistics, while
it does not reduce the number examina-
tions actually made use of to a low
number, renders them free from the ob-
jection that, in many instances, statis-
ticians resort to by the calculus of prob-
abilities to eke out the meagre founda-
tion on which their conclusions are
based—conclusions practically useless,
and which in one notable instance espe-
cially, that of Dr. B. A. Gould, of the
sanitary commission, have already led
to many false statements in regard to
the results of the anthropological inves-
tigations of the United States Army.

J. D. O'CONNELL.
Washington, D. C., April 24, 1895.

*The Transcript stated that the facts
in about the same order as Mr. O'Connell,
but our intelligent compositor "dropped
out" the line.—Ed.

What the Papers Say.

The Michigan Central provides the
best possible service that could be ex-
pected between the East and West.—
Christian Leader, Boston.

"Comfort in Travel," has nowhere
reached a higher degree of perfection
than on this far and justly famed road.—
Christian Herald, Detroit.

The Michigan Central is one of the
best managed and most satisfactory rail-
roads in the world to travel by.—Rock-
eter Post-Express.

"Comfort in Travel" is a phrase that
among experienced travelers has come
to be almost synonymous with "Michi-
gan Central."—Democrat and Chroni-
cle.

Safe, luxurious and fast running over
a peerless track, amid the grandest
scenery, the Michigan Central trains
make comfort in travel a delightful
reality.—Buffalo Enquirer.

"Comfort in Travel," that want of all
tourist and commercial birds of passage,
is invariably filled on the Michigan Cen-
tral, "The Niagara Falls Route."—Even-
ing Wisconsin.

As for the promise of "Comfort in
Travel" by this road, as well as the speed
and safety realized, the many thousands
who pass over it will surely testify that
it is kept to the letter.—The Standard,
Chicago.

City Passenger and Ticket Office, 119
Adams Street, Chicago.

SEVENTH INFANTRY.

Some of the officers of the regiment
have started to organize company L,
which will be known by the name of
the Gallowglasses. Every member of
the company must be at least six feet
tall and be of Irish birth or descent.
Anyone of the requisite height and hav-
ing the other necessary qualifications,
wishing to join, can get any informa-
tion they may require by calling at the
Armory, 74 Michigan avenue, on Mon-
day, Thursday or Friday nights. It is
sincerely hoped that the Seventh may
succeed in getting this company; if
they do they will have a company sec-
ond to none in the United States.

The ride range at Waukegan is open
for the season. The members of the
Seventh should avail themselves of this
opportunity by attending the ride
range frequently. To shoot well is the
most necessary qualification of a sol-
dier, and a soldier that is not a good
shot is no good.

Company A intends to give a May
party at the Armory on Saturday even-
ing, May 18.

HALF FARE

To Chattanooga and Return.

On June 25th, 26th and 27th, 1895, the
Monon route will sell tickets at rate of
one fare for the round trip from all
points on its line to Chattanooga and
return, on account of the second inter-
national conference of the Epworth
League. These rates and tickets will be
open to all. Tickets will be limited to
return fifteen days from date of sale,
but can be extended fifteen days by de-
positing with agents of Q. & C. or
Nashville & Chattanooga Ry's. before
June 30th. A choice of routes via Cin-
cinnati, the blue grass regions of Ken-
tucky, and the mountains of Tennessee,
or via Louisville and the cave regions of
Kentucky, with side-trips to Mam-
moth cave at a nominal expense, makes
the Monon route the most desirable line
between Chicago and Chattanooga.
The day trains of the Monon
route, both via Louisville and Cincin-
nati, carry parlor cars and dining cars,
serving meals the same as at a first-class
cafe. Patrons can order what they want
and need only pay for what they get.

The evening trains carry luxurious pal-
ace sleeping cars from Chicago to Cin-
cinnati or Louisville. The sleeping car
rate from Chicago to the Ohio River, or
from the Ohio River to Chattanooga,
is \$2 per berth, whether occupied by one
or two persons. Parties wishing to
view the mountain scenery of the South
should leave Chicago on the evening
trains, so as to make the trip from Cin-
cinnati or Louisville to Chattanooga by
daylight, arriving at Chattanooga for
supper. Those wishing to visit Mam-
moth Cave should leave Chicago at 8:32
p. m., arriving at Louisville for break-
fast, and at the cave for dinner, remain-
ing at the cave until next morning,
leaving at 9 o'clock, and arriving at
Chattanooga for supper. The side trip
from Glasgow Junction to Mammoth
Cave will cost but \$1.25; hotel bill and
cave fees will be very reasonable. The
guides go into the cave between 2 and 3
o'clock p. m., and at 8 o'clock in the
evening, thus giving those who wish a
chance to make two trips in the cave
same day.

Further information, with timetables,
maps and pamphlets will be furnished
on application to any agent of the
Monon route, or by addressing, Frank
J. Reed, General Passenger Agent, Chi-
cago.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

IOMRADH

Shneodhghus agus Mice Raghla—Sleocht
Leabhair Bhuidhe Learain.

LEIN AN AITHRE EOMHAIN O'GRANHA.

(Roimh-Radh—Don leightheoir.)

[Ag so dhuit, i bh-foillibh solleirle, an seol
arsaidh ar sheoltear Shneodhghus agus
Mice Raghla. Cuirtear i g-clo mar so 6, dill go
m-beid meag an dream go mór-mór an seol
og; thuigean an Seol-Ghaeilige, ar na scrib-
tinnibh leabhair atá i d-taiceidh agus i bh-
foillibh i d-taiceidh na h-Eireann. Ins an
Seol Ceilteach, Leabhair IX, do cuirtear an seol
i g-clo ó'n lámh-scribhinn bhunúsach le
Whitely Stokes, agus is a leas sin do righneas
an t-áistíughadh so. Do leasna mar is fearr
d'fhéad na brathairbh bunúsachas.—
E.O.G.]

(AIR LEANANNAH)

Iomradh anns go rangadar tír i rath deoise
agus cinn muc orra, agus do bhi meithe mór
d'bhob agus buain an arbhair i lár an t-sam-
raidh.

Do ghabhadh as anna, in a g-cuach;
agus gabhadh a salma, agus guddidh Dia, go
rangadar tír i rath dream d'fearaibh na
n-Gaoidhe, agus do ghabhadh mór na h-ine
anna d'bhob agus m'bholl, agus ba bhinn leis na
cleirachaibh 6.

"Ghabhadh tulleidh," ar na cleirachaibh,
"so eianan na h-Eireann."

"Tidhmis, a chleiracha," ar namná, "gotigh
Righ na h-ine, óir beidh fáilte agus suaimneas
d'bhob ann."

Tidhmid na mná agus na cleirigh leteach, agus
cuirtear an Rí fáilte roimh na cleirachaibh,
agus leigid a seolh ann. Agus fíastruighidh sé
d'bhob: "Cia h-ead bhur muintir, a chleiracha?"

"D'fearaibh Eireann dinn," ar na cleirigh,
"agus do muintir Cholúim-Cille."

"Connus atáid i n-Eirinn," ar sé, "agus cé
mbeud mac do mhacail Dhómhnaill atá beo?"

ar an Rí. Freagraidh an cleirach—"Tírd mac
atá b'o aige, agus do thuit Fíacha mac Dhómh-
naill le fearaibh Rois, agus do cuirtear seaca
lánaibh d'bhob ar an bh-fairge do bharr an
ghalómha sin."

"Is éor d'bhob, a chleiracha," an seolh sin. "Is
meise do mharb mac rígh Teambraich agus is
sine do cuirtear an bh-fairge: agus is deilín
is maith, óir beidh mion (annas) go dtí an
Measbhachain, óir is maith ainnimh gan peacadh,
gan cail, gan coir. Maith an inis i bh-fíallid,
óir is inntí atá Eile agus Enoc, agus is uasal an
teaghlach ann a bh-fíallid Eile."

Agus do righne sé fáilte mór roimh na cleir-
achaibh, agus adubhairt: "Atá dhá loch in an
tíro—loch uisce agus loch teinead, agus do
thiofaidís ar Eirinn fad ó muna m-bíadh Má-
nán agus Pádraig ag guidhe leo."

"Do ba mhaith leinn Enoc d'fheicinn," ar na
cleirigh. "Atá sé i n-áinimh uingneach chum a
d-tiocfaidh anna ó'n t-áinimh d'fheicinn."

Iomradh anna ó'n t-áinimh d'fheicinn, ar
thonn-gháirna mara le fad go dtéinig fíorchu-
mhór ó Dáid d'bhob, óir do bhíodar tuisceach,
go bh-féadar inis mór óir, agus ba h-áinimh
agus ba mhaith a rath inntí.

Is mhaith an Rí do bhi leis an inis, agus ba
fíreán; agus ba mór a shíneadh, agus ba h-úsail
teaghlach an Rígh sin—óir do bhi cuideachas
ar an tigh sin, agus áitíor ag gach doise, agus
sagart ag gach áitíor ag tódbhairt Chuirp
Chríost.

Do bhíodar na cleirigh leteach agus do bhe-
annghabhadh gach son d'bhob d'á chéile; agus
do chruadh tite 'na dhiaidh sin—an sluaigh
mór sin tite mhaol agus fíreán—agus do ghlac-
adar Corp Chríost ag an Afíann.

Roinnteair fion d'bhob ann sin, agus adeir an
Rí leis na cleirachaibh—"Abraidh," ar sé, "le
fearaibh Eireann go bh-fíallid d'ghalaithe mór le
teacht orra. Tíofaid ainnimh d'ghalaithe mór le
teacht orra, agus áitíochaid leath na h-ine, agus cuirtear
fíochlongphort i bh. Agus is eadh do bheir orra
an d'ghalaithe sin, an mbeud do bheirid fáilte
i d-Tíomha Dhé, agus in a theaghlach."

Mi agus bíladhna bíladhnaí ar fairge, agus
ríofaí uile slán, agus inntídh bhur seol uile
d'fhearaibh Eireann."

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward
for any case of Catarrh that cannot be
cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.
Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J.
Cheney for the last fifteen years, and be-
lieve him perfectly honorable in all busi-
ness transactions and financially able to
carry out any obligations made by their
firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists,
Toledo, O.; Wadding, Kinman & Mar-
vin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,
acting directly upon the blood and mu-
cous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c
per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testi-
monials free.

Great Opportunity to Make Money.

I have had such splendid success that
I can't help writing to you about it. I
have not made less than \$5, and some
days from \$15 to \$15. I am really elated,
and cannot see why others don't go into
the Dish Washer business at once. I
have not canvassed any; sell all my
washers at home. They give such good
satisfaction that every one sold, helps to
sell many others. I believe in a year I
can make a profit of Three Thousand
Dollars, and attend to my regular Dish
washer besides. When a Glass Dish
washer can be bought for \$5, every
family wants one, and it is very easy
selling what everybody wants to buy.
For particulars, address The Climax
Mfg. Co., Columbus, O. I think any
lady or gentleman, anywhere, can make
from \$5 to \$10 a day. I would like to
have your readers try this business, and
let us know through your columns how
they succeed.

THE PATRIOT'S TOAST.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

Air—"Maryland, My Maryland."

As round this festal board we sit,
'Midst wit and song and joyous mirth,
We'll not forget one duty sweet
We owe the land that gave us birth.
And standing here, a goblet bright
Let each man raise with loyal hand.
We'll quaff a patriot toast tonight,
And pledge our faith to Motherland.

Then here's our cause!
May tyrant laws
E'er quail before th' avenger's brand.
A traitor's he
Who toasts not thee,
Our own fair Irish Motherland.

A silent bumper let us drink
To those who met a gallant fate
In guarding Erin's flag too well
In "Ninety-eight" and "Forty-eight."
And now, one more: "Our boys today!"
We'll pledge the brave, unflinching
band

Who've sworn to strike the fetters from
The beauteous limbs of Motherland.

Then here's our cause!
May tyrant laws
E'er quail before th' avenger's brand.
A traitor's he
Who toasts not thee,
Our own fair Irish Motherland.

Boone and the Indians.

Boone frequently took to the field on
set expeditions against the savages.
Once when he and a party of other men
were making salt at a lick, they were
surprised and carried off by the Indi-
ans. The old hunter was a prisoner
with them for some months, but finally
made his escape and came home through
the trackless woods as straight as the
wild pigeon flies. He was ever on the
watch to ward off the Indian inroads,
and to follow the war-parties and to
try to rescue the prisoners.

Once his own daughter and two other
girls, who were with her, were carried
off by a band of Indians. Boone col-
lected some friends and followed them
steadily for two days and a night; then
they came to where the Indians had
killed a buffalo calf and were camped.
Firing from a little distance, they shot
two Indians, and, rushing in, rescued
the girls.

On another occasion, when Boone
had gone to visit a salt-lick with his
brother, the Indians ambushed them
and shot the latter. Boone himself es-
caped, but the Indians followed him for
three miles by the aid of a tracking dog,
until Boone turned, shot the dog, and
then eluded his pursuers. In company
with Simon Kenton and many of the
noted hunters and wilderness warriors,
he once and again took part in perilous
expeditions into the Indian country.
Twice bands of Indians, accom-
panied by French, Tory, and British
partisans from Detroit, bearing the flag
of Great Britain, attacked Boone's
borough. In each case Boone and his
fellow-settlers beat them off with loss.

At the fatal battle of the Blue
Licks, in which two hundred of the
best ridemen of Kentucky were beaten
with terrible slaughter by a great
force of Indians from the lakes,
Boone commanded the left wing.
Leading his men, rifle in hand, he
pushed back and overthrew the force
against him; but meanwhile the Indi-
ans destroyed the right wing and cen-
tre, and got in the rear, so that there
was nothing for Boone's men except to
flee with all speed.—Theodore Roosevelt
in May St. Nicholas.

This Means Business.

On the principal lines of the Chicago,
Milwaukee & St. Paul railway passenger
trains are electric lighted, steam-heated
and protected by block signals. With
these modern appliances, railway travel-
ing at high speeds has reached a degree
of safety heretofore unknown and not
attainable on roads where they are not
in use. Electric lights and steam heat
make it possible to dispense with the oil
lamp and the car stove. Block signals
have reduced the chances for collision
to the minimum by maintaining an ab-
solute interval of space between trains.

John O'Brien Lumber Co.

The John O'Brien Lumber Co., situ-
ated at 22d and Throop streets, has an
extensive patronage in this city and
elsewhere. Their success has been
achieved through reasonable profits,
good material and the filling of all
orders with satisfaction to customers.
We direct the attention of our readers
to the advertisement in another column.
All business communications addressed
to this company will receive due atten-
tion.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

Following is a list of the cabin pas-
sengers booked per S. S. Adriatic sail-
ing from New York May 1: Mrs. H. S.
Downe, Master Edward Downe, Master
Hamilton Downe, William Haywood,
Mrs. Dora O'Connor, Mrs. Taubman,
Margaret Taubman, Miss Bridson, Mrs.
S. E. Price, Miss Sarah Hughes, Mrs.
Clara Horan, George Monahan.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago
are located on the line of the Chicago,
Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul
Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are
all within twelve miles of Union Depot
or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates
and quick transit. For further informa-
tion call on or address H. E. Laing, City
Passenger agent, 95 Adams street.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY.

ESTATE OF RICHARD COTHROLL, DE-
CEASED.—All persons having claims against
the estate of Richard Cothroll, deceased, are
hereby notified and requested to attend and
present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook
County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the
same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held
at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chi-
cago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of
July, A. D. 1895, being the 22nd day thereof.
Dated Chicago, April 15, 1895.
MARY COTHROLL,
Administratrix.
James O'Connell Attorney for Administratrix.

John O'Brien Lumber Co.

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES and MOULDINGS. Send for Delivered Price

Lists. Correspondence Invited.

TWENTY-SECOND AND THROOP STS. TELEPHONE CANAL 65.

Take Blue Island or Centre-av. cars.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together
with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke
Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at
Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were
received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by
the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the
public of its purity and healthful qualities.

Business Directory.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 160 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL, BROS.
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Quality.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove; engine, 5c
per cord delivered
Coke and Yard
308 West Taylor Street, between Halsted and
Blue Island Avenue.

Groceries.

HERRAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44

THE DATE FOR EASTER.

"Thirty days hath September—
Every person can remember,
But to know when Easter's come
Puzzles even scholars—some."

When March the twenty-first is past,
Just watch the silvery moon,
And when you see it full and round,
Know Easter'll be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full
Then Easter will be here
The very Sunday after,
In each and every year.

And, if it hap on Sunday
The moon should reach its height,
The Sunday following this event
Will be the Easter bright.

—Boston Transcript.

THE ELOPEMENT.

At the close of 1811, in the estate of Nennaradovo, lived Gavril Gavrilovich, a Russian proprietor. His unbounded hospitality and frankness won him many friends among the neighboring proprietors. While many would visit him to partake of his hospitality or to play a game of cards with his wife, Paraskovia Petrovna, an amiable and prepossessing lady of 40, the thoughts and aspirations of the majority were centered upon his 17-year-old daughter Masha.

But, like many other girls of her age and station in the Russian provinces, Masha had been brought up on the French novel and was passionately in love with a poor army officer who lived a few versts away from her father's estate, and who reciprocated her love. But Masha's parents positively objected to the match, and the young man's welcome became cooler every day. This, however, did not hinder the lovers from corresponding or from meeting quite frequently in the forest. Amid romantic surroundings, with no human being to detect or overhear them, they would pledge to each other eternal love, would bewail their fate and devise all sorts of schemes. Elopement was of course proposed in due season by the young man, and as Masha was an ardent admirer of all sorts of adventures pertaining to heroism it more than pleased her romantic imagination.

The cold winter put an end to their secret interviews. The more voluminous, however, became their correspondence. Vladimir would entrust his beloved in every letter to intrust her destiny to him, to elope, to keep out of sight until the summer should be over, then to appear before her parents, who would undoubtedly become resigned to the inevitable, to kneel down before them and beg their forgiveness and blessing. And this, according to his calculation, would easily end in, "Come, children, to our embrace and be happy." All this seemed very fascinating to Masha, and without much meditation she consented to follow the course suggested by her lover. And the course was this:

On the day of her departure she was to decline taking her meals with her parents at the table, pretending to suffer with a severe headache. Thus she would be enabled to make the necessary preparations for the journey in her room. Her servant, who was in the secret, was to accompany her to the garden gate, where a troika, or span of three horses, sent by Vladimir would be in waiting. They were then to drive as fast as the horses could carry them to the church in the village of Dehadrino, where Vladimir would be sure to meet them.

Now if any one spent a most miserable and sleepless night in Gavrilovich's house it was his daughter Masha. After packing her things she wrote two very long letters—one to her intimate friend, a young girl of her own age, and the other to her parents. She took leave of them in the most touching and pathetic words, ascribing her rash action to a providential visit, expressing her hope that her step toward perfect happiness might not incur their anger, and concluding that the happiest moment in her life will be that when their paternal blessing will be bestowed on their daughter and her most noble husband.

It was nearly midnight when Masha and her maid left the house. Terezhka, Vladimir's driver, was already awaiting them at the garden gate. He helped them into the sleigh, and after arranging the bundles and packages and seeing that his master's "jewel" was comfortably seated, took up the reins, and in five minutes they were beyond the limits of Gavril Gavrilovich's estate.

While Terezhka is taking care of Masha we shall turn our attention to our gallant officer. Vladimir had his hands full all day. In the morning he visited the Dehadrino minister, who, after considerable difficulty and upon receiving a handsome deposit consented to marry him. Then he set out in search of the necessary three witnesses. The first one he met—a retired colonel, Dravin—consented to accommodate him. This adventure, he assured him, recalled to him his past associations and his own adventures. He insisted upon Vladimir's staying for dinner, assuring him that there would be no difficulty in finding two more witnesses.

And so it happened that no sooner was dinner over than two local proprietors were announced. Both were in favor of the marriage as well as of the means of effecting it, and of course were ready at a moment's notice to offer their services, and should circumstances require it, to sacrifice their lives for the noble cause. Vladimir was overjoyed. He embraced his friends, and after bidding them an affectionate goodbye hurried off to make the necessary preparations.

The day drew to its close. Night set in. A strong northern wind filled the air with burning cold. "A mistle!" (storm) Vladimir thought to himself as he sat in the sleigh driving as rapidly as his horse could carry him to Dehadrino, where he expected to arrive before Masha. The road to Dehadrino was familiar to him, and he expected to traverse the short distance in an hour at most. The reverse of his expectations, however, was the result. The wind grew stronger and stronger, culminating soon in a raging and blinding snowstorm. The road was swept out of sight, the familiar sur-

roundings vanished. Vladimir's efforts to keep the right track were fruitless. The horses went on at haphazard, now ascending a snowdrift and now falling and upsetting the sleigh in a ravine. An hour, two hours passed, but not the slightest sign of Dehadrino.

At last it occurred to him that he was traveling the wrong way. He stopped, reflected a moment and turned to the right. He consulted his watch. It was past 2 in the morning. Oh, horror! But toward Dehadrino he went, in spite of the boundless snowfield and the innumerable snowdrifts and ravines that lay before him. Now and then his sleigh would upset, throwing him into the snow. But his own bodily comfort was the least to be thought of.

At last a welcome object presented itself to his sight. It was a small forest. "Blessed be the Lord," he thought to himself, "Dehadrino must be near." Thus encouraged, he drove onward. He lashed the horse. The poor animal made an effort to move. He lashed it again and again, but it would not trot. Gradually, however, he passed the forest. The plain, snowy field, stretching in the distance as far as his eye could reach, presented itself once more to his sight. Although the storm subsided and the bright moon hung once again over his cheerless and monotonous surroundings, it was bitterly cold. As he drove along, contemplating all sorts of means to extricate himself from his perilous position, he beheld a village, consisting of four or five little huts. He directed his horse toward it, and as he reached the first hut began to rattle at the window with all the might of a man for whom there is nothing left but despair. A few moments later the window was raised, and a long gray beard, apparently belonging to the master of the house, became visible.

"What is it you want?"

"Can you tell me how far it is to Dehadrino?"

"Dehadrino! Dehadrino! Let me see. I reckon it will be about ten versts."

A thunderbolt or an electrical shock could not have had more effect upon Vladimir than these words. He remained upon the spot motionless, like a man doomed to death.

"And where do you come from?" resumed the old man.

Vladimir had no patience to answer his question. "Can I hire your horse to take me there?" he uttered at last.

"Hire my horse? Why, man, wait till I buy one!"

"Then give me a guide. I will pay him all he wants for his services."

"This I'll do. Just wait a second. I'll send my son, and he will take you there," said the old man, disappearing in the darkness.

The young fellow, armed with a d-bina, soon appeared, and without losing any time they started on their way to Dehadrino. Morning dawned when they reached their destination. The church was locked. After paying his guide he directed his steps toward the minister's house. Alas, his team was not to be seen there! How sad the news that awaited him!

But let us return to Nennaradovo and see what is going on in Gavril Gavrilovich's house.

Nothing in particular. As usual, the old folks rose early in the morning—Gavril Gavrilovich appearing in his ancient "kolpak" and felt jacket, and Paraskovia Petrovna in her warm morning gown. The samovar was brought in, the table was set, and as Masha failed to appear in the gostinny, or dining room, a servant maid was dispatched to her apartment to inquire how she slept during the night and how she felt in general. The maid soon returned, announcing that the barishnia (maid) had had a restless night, but that she felt much better now and would soon join them at the table. The maid had no sooner made her report than Masha appeared, approaching her papenka and mamenka with an affectionate good morning.

"How is your health, dear?" inquired Gavril Gavrilovich.

"I feel much better, papa," replied Masha.

"You must have caught cold, Masha," interposed Paraskovia Petrovna.

"That may be, mamenka."

The day passed quietly, but toward evening Masha fell sick. A doctor was immediately sent for, and when he arrived two hours later he found the patient in a state of delirium. It soon developed into a high fever, and for two weeks the poor girl hovered between life and death.

No one in the house had the slightest idea about the intended elopement. The letter which she addressed to her parents the night previous she destroyed as soon as she returned home, and the maid, fearing to incur the anger and punishment of her master, kept the secret to herself. The minister and the witnesses were alike reticent about the matter (they had good cause for it). And as to Terezhka, Vladimir's driver, he knew well how to keep a secret, even when drunk, the more so when sober. Thus the secret was kept sacred by over half a dozen conspirators. But Masha herself in her delirium began to unravel the mystery. Yet her mother, who never left her daughter's room, paid no attention to her words. She merely ascribed them to the fact of Masha being in love with Vladimir, thinking that in all probability her unsuccessful love was the chief cause of her sickness. Something had to be done, and one fine morning she consulted her husband and some of their neighbors as to the advisability of gratifying Masha's wish. All came to the conclusion that such was Masha's lot; that the inevitable must happen; that poverty is no crime; that it is not riches that make the man, but vice versa, and so forth. When our conscience is pricked and we find no justification for our despotic deeds, we generally cling to highly moral texts, which upon other occasions may not convey the slightest meaning to us.

In the meantime Masha became convalescent. Vladimir was no longer to be seen in Gavril Gavrilovich's house. The rude reception offered him during

his last visit kept him aloof from their house. One more council was held, and it was decided to write and ask him to pay a visit. But their surprise may be imagined when, in answer to their invitation, he wrote a very indignant letter, declaring his determination never to cross their threshold, asking them to forget him, the unhappiest of mortals, and concluding that death was his only hope and consolation. A few days later they heard that Vladimir had entered the army. This occurred in 1812.

Weeks and months passed by, and none dared to speak of Vladimir in Masha's presence. She, in her turn, never mentioned his name. At the end of four months, while glancing over a daily paper, she happened to see his name mentioned among those mortally wounded in the battle of Borodino. She became almost prostrated with grief, and grave fears were once more entertained as to the possible consequences.

Nothing serious, however, was the result. Five weeks later Gavril Gavrilovich died. Poor Paraskovia Petrovna was almost overcome with grief, and Masha's attention was now wholly devoted to her mother. Nennaradovo, with its sorrowful recollections, was no longer attractive to them, and they decided to leave it and make their home in the city of N—

In the meantime the Franco-Russian war drew to its close.

Although still surrounded by a host of admirers, Masha was as cool and indifferent to them as at the time when she first came to the city. She changed, however, her opinion, when, one fine afternoon, a wounded colonel, Brunin, with a medal and a Georgian cross in his buttonhole, and a very handsome and attractive face, which seemed the more interesting because of its paleness, was introduced to her. He was quite young—in the neighborhood of 33 or 34.

As to Brunin, he was certainly a fine young fellow. He possessed that humor and self respect which seldom fails to please women. His relations to Masha were unrestrained and natural.

He appeared to be quite settled and reserved, although rumor had it that once upon a time he was the greatest mischief maker living. This, however, did not lower him in Masha's estimation. On the contrary, she regarded his past tricks as something quite natural to youth and activity. What had interested her most, more than his tenderness, more than his pleasant conversation, more than his bandaged arm, was his silence, often accompanied by heavy sighs. Indeed her curiosity and imagination upon such occasions were almost beyond her control. She could not help acknowledging that he took more than an ordinary interest in her, while, on the other hand, he, too, must have observed that of all her admirers he was the only one who received her attention. What, then, had kept him from falling at her feet and declaring his love? What was the cause? Was it that timidity which goes hand in hand with true love or the mere policy of a cunning dangle? She reflected upon the matter and came to the conclusion that timidity could be the only cause. Her impatience grew stronger and stronger. Suspense of whatever nature it might be, and especially when love is at stake is always burdensome to women. One evening Brunin appeared in her room—his face paler than usual and his beautiful eyes expressing that tenderness which is both bewitching and powerful. She thought the long wished for moment had come at last. But the "declaration" was not made.

Her neighbors and friends in the meantime discussed her wedding, as a matter of fact, while her mother was simply delighted with her prospective son-in-law. Thus time passed on.

One morning while Paraskovia Petrovna was busily engaged in looking over an old almanac, Brunin entered her room.

"Can Masha be seen?" he asked.

"You will see her in the garden," replied the old woman. "I will expect you to have dinner with us."

As Brunin went out Paraskovia Petrovna crossed herself, supplicating the Almighty that the proposal of marriage might take place.

Brunin found Masha by the pond under a willow, all dressed in white, and with a book in her hands. "A real heroine of a novel," he thought to himself. After the first few words Masha cut the conversation short, thus affecting that mutual embarrassment from which there was but one way of ridding themselves, and that was for Brunin to open his heart. And so he did. "But I have acted carelessly, most carelessly, by seeing and hearing you every day. I had no right to seek your acquaintance and friendship. Oh, wretched man that I am! It is too late—too late now! Your memory will always haunt me, your charming image will give me no peace. Oh, that I could be spared this torture! Try to forget and forgive me, dear Masha. I am unworthy of you. That obstacle!"

"That obstacle always existed," said Masha in a suppressed voice. "I could never be your wife."

"I know," he replied quietly. "I know that you have once loved. But he is dead, and time effaces the sweetest of memories. The thought that I might have been happy with you is a torment!"

"Not another word! You torment me!"

"Yes; I know. I feel that I might have been happy; that you might have been mine; but, oh, miserable man that I am, I am married!"

Masha looked at him aghast for a moment, hardly realizing her whereabouts.

"Yes; I am a married man," resumed Brunin more firmly, "but I have not the slightest idea who my wife is, where she is, whether I will ever see her again."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Masha, scarcely being able to control her excitement. "Is it possible! Tell me all about it! I will—later!"

"In the beginning of 1812," said Brunin, "I was on my way to Vilno, where our regiment was then stationed. It was a cold night, a storm was raging,

we lost our way, and my driver was in despair. But as I was in great haste to reach Vilno I ordered him to proceed regardless of the weather. We crossed hills and valleys and rivers, and after being frozen almost to death entered a village. As we drove along the street I suddenly beheld a light. A few minutes later we found ourselves in front of a church. It was dimly illuminated. Some people were inside. 'This way. This way!' I heard several voices shouting. I ordered the driver to stop the horses. 'What have you been doing all this while?' remarked some one. 'Why, your girl is in despair. The minister was at a loss to know what to do, and we were just ready to drive home.' Without considering the situation, I entered the church and was soon directed to a dark corner, where, upon a bench, lay the bride, while a girl, evidently her maid, busied herself about her. 'Thanked be the Lord, you are here at last,' cried the girl to me. 'Why, the barishnia (maid) is overcome with grief.' I had no sooner directed my attention from the bride when the half blind old minister approached, asking me if I were ready for the altar.

"Certainly, certainly," said I, hardly knowing what I was about. The bride was helped to the altar. She impressed me as a good looking girl. Oh, wretched man that I am!

"I took the place beside her at the altar. The minister was impatient, the three witnesses and the maid supported the bride, and it seemed that their entire attention was given to her. We were married. 'Kiss each other,' commanded the minister after the ceremony was over. My wife rendered the veil from her face, and as I was ready to kiss her she drew back, shrieking, 'Away, away, it is not he!' All turned their frightened eyes on me. I retreated quietly, threw myself into the sleigh and was soon out of the village, leaving a scene of horror behind me."

"My God," exclaimed Masha, "and you have no idea what has become of your poor wife?"

"Not the slightest, nor do I know the name of that village, or where it is situated. I thought so little at the time of such tricks that it soon escaped my memory. My driver, who was with me at the time, has long since died in war, and here I am, with not the slightest prospect of ever finding the woman on whom I played such a cruel joke."

"And do you no longer recognize the girl whom you married on that stormy night?" cried Masha, clasping her hands.

Brunin looked, grew pale and fell at her feet.—Alexander Pushkin in Romance.

Honey has been known from the earliest times. The Scriptures make mention of it and pagan writers celebrated its virtues. It was called "the milk of the aged" and was thought to prolong life. Honey was also used in the embalming of the body after death.

This food, as useful as it is delicious, was esteemed most highly by the Greeks, who celebrated its virtues alike in prose and verse, so that the fame of Attic honey has been transmitted unimpaired to our own day. Used in all kinds of pastry, cake and ragouts, it was also esteemed as a sauce. Pythagoras, in the latter portion of his life, was a vegetarian, and lived wholly on bread and honey, a diet which he recommended to his disciples. And this gentle philosopher reached the ripe age of 90 years before he departed from life.

The true source from which honey is derived was only discovered in later years. Virgil supposed that its delicious sweetness fell from heaven upon flowers in the shape of gentle, invisible dew, a belief which he shared with Pliny and even Galen. It was left to modern observers to study with enthusiasm plant life and bee life, and learn from them some of the most wonderful lessons of nature.

Honey was often served by the ancients at the beginning of a banquet in order that the uncloyed palate might enjoy to the full its exquisite flavor.

The Tarantula Killer.

It has a bright blue body, nearly two inches long, and wings of a golden hue. As it flies here and there in the sunlight, glittering like a flash of fire, one moment resting on a leaf, the next on a granite boulder, it keeps up an incessant buzzing, which is caused by the vibration of its wings. No sooner does the tarantula hear this than he trembles with fear, for well he knows the fate in store for him when once his mortal foe perceives his whereabouts. This it soon does, and hastens to the attack.

At first it is content with flying in circles over its intended victim. Gradually it approaches nearer and nearer. At last, when it is within a few inches, the tarantula rises upon his hind legs and attempts to grapple with his foe, but without success. Like a flash the giant wasp is on its back. The deadly stings have been avoided. The next instant a fearful sting penetrates deep into the spider's body. Its struggles almost cease. A sudden paralysis creeps over it, and it staggers, helpless, like a drunken man, first to one side, then to the other. These symptoms, however, are only of short duration. While they last the wasp, but a few inches away, awaits the result. Nor does it have to wait long. A few seconds and all sign of life has disappeared from the tarantula. The once powerful legs curl up beneath the body, and it rolls over dead.—Chambers' Journal.

Astonishing Experiments.

The astonishing and inhuman possibility of building up living animals from parts of several animals has been demonstrated by Dr. C. Born, a German physiologist. The experiments were made with tadpoles and other larvæ of amphibians. Each of these were cut in two, and different parts were placed together in various ways, when some of them united, the hinder more readily than the fore parts. Two hinder parts, each with or without a heart, united in 24 hours, the monstrously living and growing for a week or more.—Newcastle Chronicle.

CHARCOAL BURNERS.

POOR MEN WHO LIVE HAPPILY IN THE LOUISIANA PINES.

Cooking in Trenches Dig in the Ground. Sweet Potatoes, Fish and Game the Principal Foods—Some Pleasure and a Little Preaching—Boys in the Business.

A few evenings since a New Orleans Picayune reporter was induced to go aboard one of the dozen or more charcoal boats which are to be found at the head of the new basin canal at all seasons of the year. The entire charcoal supply of the city is brought in through the canal. It is manufactured across the lake in the pine woods, where quite an industry has sprung up within late years. On an average a boat a day arrives at the head of the canal. Here the charcoal is transferred to wagons and peddled about New Orleans.

The charcoal burners lead a very rough life. As a usual thing, they have camps and are stationed away out in the woods, their charcoal oftentimes being hauled several miles to the lake. The man to whom the reporter was talking said that there were at some seasons of the year as many as 200 men engaged in the work.

"The life of the charcoal burner is a very hearty, sometimes a romantic life. In the winter it is a very pleasant one, for then the fire which burn all night furnish a cheery spectacle. Every night in the winter, when the heaps have all been finished and the burning begins, the men gather about the fires and cook their supper. Some cook in their tents and camps, but a great deal of the cooking is done by the charcoal fires. Sweet potatoes furnish the greatest diet for the charcoal man. These are obtained from the surrounding country in any number, and at night every man roasts himself as many as he wants for his supper. Frequently they roast enough at night to serve for breakfast. Every now and then we had an egg roasting. An egg roasted in the charcoal is excellent. They wrap the eggs in leaves, dig a trench in the ground, and filling it partly with burning coals, place thereon a thin layer of sand, to retain the heat, and in five minutes they are roasted.

"Fish is cooked often in the same way as well as meats of any kind, when we are so fortunate as to kill any game. The opossum roasted in the ground is simply excellent. There are many negroes in the charcoal business, and almost any night they can be seen dressing an opossum, getting it ready for baking in the ground. The negroes work hard to get their pine burning, and then blow up their dogs and his away to the woods, hunting 'de possum.' It is no unfrequent thing to have half a dozen negroes baking possum about the same fire.

"The fires have to be watched all night usually, so as to insure the pine from burning up, and singing, dancing, banjo playing and general good cheer prevail all night long. Some sleep while others watch. Strange to say, the gambling habit does not prevail in the charcoal fields to the extent one would suppose. Very little of 'crap' shooting prevails.

"The charcoal business is mostly conducted by individuals. There are no corporations about it. The woods are free, and the only capital needed is an axe and a box of matches. Living is cheap, and what money is made comes almost entirely as profit.

"After the fires are extinguished and the handling of charcoal begins, the woods become filled with soot and dust, so that the business is necessarily a dirty one all the time. But now and then the men clean up a bit and go to church. Every few weeks some Methodist preacher visits the camps and stays a day and a night. The men get all the soot they can off their faces, gather about the fires, and the preacher gives them a talk. There are no churches in the woods of course. Indeed it is 15 or 20 miles to the nearest settlement of any size. The pine forests are not free everywhere, and charcoal burners have to go where they can get the material cheapest.

"Do you see that small boat over there to the left?" said the charcoal man, pointing to a very flat looking craft, pointing to the stern of which four or five dirty little boys were lying in the sunshine. "That is a boat owned and managed by little boys, who come from New Orleans. They have their own axes and conduct their own business."

Upon walking on board the little craft, the scribe was shown down into a kind of hold underneath the boat. There, sitting in the middle of the craft, was a charcoal furnace, and about the sides of the boat were hanging skillets and pans. A broken mouthed coffee pot steamed upon the furnace, and the boys explained how they did their cooking aboard when "day was coming in vid der charcoal." The little fellows seemed as happy as pigs in the sunshine, and while the soot made them look much like negroes they were genuine white lads. They said that they made pretty good money out of their business and loved it. They told interesting stories of how they killed their own meat, caught fish from the lake and lived in the woods.

These little boys had just finished selling their cargo and were waiting for a tug to carry them out into the lake. There was an air of comfort about the little charcoal fellows, which was pleasing. Indeed all the charcoal people were found to be kind and accommodating, and many of them possessed of more than ordinary intelligence.

Hands and Feet.

"My dear fellow," said a society woman of great candor to an awkward, timid young Harvard graduate whom she was to present, "you have any amount of talent, you have position, you have money, but you will never be at your case, never show at your best, until you know what to do with your hands and feet. You must lose them, forget them, be unconscious of them."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

LOVERS OF THE WEED.

A Cigar Dealer Gossips About the Peculiarities of His Customers.

"A cigar store is a good place to study human nature," said the proprietor of a well known cigar store to an Indianapolis News reporter. "Here is perhaps a good place as one can find to study men. Among my customers are people of all classes, and here are shown many traits of character which would not crop out in another way perhaps in a year's acquaintance with an individual.

"That old fellow you see getting out of the carriage across the street will be in to see me before he drives back to his home. He is a retired South Meridian street merchant and has money to throw at the birds, but he doesn't smoke any of it for cigars either, though he smokes as many perhaps as any other man in the city. I lose money on him right along and would refuse to deal with him at all if it were not for fear of losing the really good trade of his two sons. I more than make even off them what I lose on his trade. He buys only one grade of 5 cent goods. He buys only them his face hundred, and I generally see his face about twice a week, and he generally brings back about half the cigars he buys and gets credit on a new purchase. If a cigar does not burn to suit him, he lights another and carefully places the discarded one in a box to be returned to me.

"The brand he smokes is unfavored, but he often detects a suspicion of a flavor, and whenever this happens the particular weed is consigned to the 'return box,' and is ultimately exchanged for a new cigar at my expense. I suppose I am to blame for getting myself into the position. It came about in this way: He complained one day of the last box of cigars that he bought, saying they were badly rolled and did not smoke well. He said he had thrown half of them away. Well, I just gave him a nice box and told him that any time any cigars he bought were not satisfactory to let me know, and I would make it right. The next time he came a half dozen had been bad, and I made an allowance on his purchase. After that he adopted the plan of returning the 'bad' ones and has done it now for several years.

"A cigar dealer has to be very cautious and diplomatic with some people, or he will either let them smoke up his profit or will drive away trade, which, if properly handled, is really worth having. There are some people who seem to believe that their cigar man is under lasting obligations to them for smoking his goods. They expect to be rewarded with a box of Havanas every third day for buying perhaps a box in a month. 'Why, I introduced this cigar to the boys at the club,' said one of them to me when he thought I was close for not making him a present of a box of them. He may have done so, but the truth is that I don't sell enough of those cigars in a year to afford to give away a single box.

"Then there is the fellow who is a regular customer—buys a cigar every morning perhaps. He comes in then in the evening and tries to buy a \$6 pipe for \$3 and wants you to give him a cigar in the bargain. He is not a bit slow about asking for the cigar either.

"I have many ladies among my customers. There are more ladies in Indianapolis who smoke cigarettes than one would suppose. Cigarette smoking is not confined, as you may suppose, to the women of the demimonde class. I sell lots of them to ladies of good families. Oh, no. They don't come after them themselves, but I often know who the messenger boy is buying for. Most frequently they send a servant after them, and it is not hard in this way to identify the smoker. Then I have another way by which I can verify my statement that ladies are becoming addicted to the cigarette habit. I can go to a social gathering and pick out from among fifty ladies all who smoke. I can tell by their eyes. I may miss one, but will never fail to strike for as long as six months to any great excess. The habit gives the eyes a peculiar dull, glassy appearance not produced by anything else that is at all general."

Why the Tombs Were Riffed.

The reporter of the time of Ramezes IX does not take note of the walking delegate, though strikes were numerous then among the Theban workmen. As laborers were paid in food, the contractors were often behind with their supplies. Erwin writes that "it is one of the acknowledged characteristics of modern Egypt that payments can never be made without delays; so also in old Egypt the same routine seems to have been followed out with respect to payments in kind." To build or keep the tombs and monuments of the dead in good order must have required a vast number of workmen.

If they were not paid and were starving, familiarity with the mortal remains of the great and the property stored away in mummy cases had made these workmen indifferent to the idea of there being any peculiar kind of sacrilege in committing robbery. That accounts, so think many authorities, why so many tombs have been rifled. Probably for that reason were built those vast masses of stone, with narrow passages, so as to guard an entrance from thieves. But precautions extending over thousands of years are impossible. If the thief of one generation was foiled, his descendants were more enterprising or expert, or, maybe, curious. Bearing this in mind, the more remarkable are the recent finds made by M. de Morgan at Dachour.

Of the Same Station.

The Mistress—So you are really going to be married?

Janey (blushing)—Yis, mum.

The Mistress (impressively)—I do hope you will wed one of your own station and not below it.

The Maid (confidently)—Indade, yis mum. Me and Dinna lived close by McGuire's Crossroads and always tunk the same train at the same station. There's no station below. That's the end of the railroad.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

SWEARING IN RECRUITS.

How Simply It Is Done Here and How Improperly in Germany.

"The unostentatious manner in which our national affairs are administered is well illustrated by the striking contrast between the ceremony of swearing in recruits in our army and the same ceremony in Germany," remarked an officer who is stationed at Fort Wayne. "Here the recruit, after expressing his desire to serve Uncle Sam, is ushered into the room, a bare, dingy, rented apartment, which serves as office for the enlisting officer of the army, and then and there is called upon to repeat after the said officer the following oath, its solemn import marked by the cursory upward tendency of the irresolute right hand: 'I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever, and that I will obey the orders of the president of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules and articles of war. So help me God.' Signature to this oath makes him, without more ado, a full fledged soldier."

"How different is the following ceremony used in binding Germany's soldiers to their Kaiser: The young conscript is conducted to the church of the parish in which he enlists, where he is first addressed by the pastor on the sacred character and great import of the oath he is about to take; then, the flag of his country and that of his battalion being placed on the altar, the embryo soldier is required to place his left hand on these flags, and raising his right to repeat the following oath: 'I swear before God, who is all powerful, and who knows all, that I will serve loyally and faithfully my very gracious sovereign under all circumstances. On land and sea, in peace and in war, and in all places I swear to seek only his good and to do everything to prevent injury to him. I swear to observe strictly the articles of war which have just been read to me. I swear to obey all orders and to conduct myself as every courageous, honest soldier ought to do, delighting in fulfilling the duties that honor impose upon me. As surely as God will aid me in gaining eternally through Jesus Christ. Amen!'"

"Is it not a serious question whether our simplicity in the administration of a sacred oath does not defeat its very purpose? We in this free born American republic are justly proud of our simple, unostentatious ways, marked by want of needless ceremony, and we, by our example, daily administer rebuke to the old world of the vanity of its ways, but let us not carry this feeling too far. Human nature here, as elsewhere, is impressionable, and if an obligation is rendered more binding by imprudences we should not hesitate to employ its necessary accompaniments even to the 'fuss and feathers' employed by our elders in the sisterhood of nations."

"The average American, unversed in patriotic lore, woefully ignorant of patriotic symbols, is constantly accused of want of devotion to his country, of too great individualism, too little nationalism. Let us hope that this is not so; that our patriotism but lies dormant, awaiting the occasion which will call it into play and make its existent strength emphatically evident to the world."

"In the meantime let the soldier swear by his country's beautiful emblem. Furthermore, let the stars and stripes be displayed more often and with more reverence before the people at large. Nothing will contribute further to arouse our heterogeneous population, our too large disorderly element, the product of sordid, selfish individualism, to a realization of other more worthy interests; of a duty paramount to all others, yet so generally lost sight of, to a country that exists, to a flag that waves, on this side of the ocean."—Detroit Free Press.

Napoleon's Great Victory in Italy.

Within 11 days the Austrians and Sardinians were separated, the latter defeated and forced to sign an armistice. After a rest of two days a fortnight saw him victorious in Lombardy and entering Milan as a conqueror. Two weeks elapsed, and again he set forth to reduce to his sway in less than a month the most of central Italy. Against an enemy now desperate and at bay, his operations fell into four divisions, each resulting in an advance—the first, of 9 days, against Wurms and Quasdanovich; a second, of 16 days, against Wurmser; a third, of 18 days, against Alvinczy, and a fourth, of 30 days, until he captured Mantua and opened the mountain passes to his army.

Within 18 days after opening hostilities against the pope he forced him to sign the treaty of Tolentino, and within 88 days of their setting foot on the road from Mantua to Vienna the French were at Leoben, distant only 90 miles from the Austrian capital, and dictating terms to the empire. In the year between March 27, 1796, and April 7, 1797, Bonaparte humbled the most haughty dynasty in Europe, toppled the central European state system and initiated the process which has given a predominance apparently final to Prussia, then considered but as a parvenu. —Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

He Shaved Himself.

"I heard a good barber story the other day," said a man in the hotel rotunda, "and for genuine sarcasm I believe it carries off the palm. It may be an old one at that, but if it is it's worth repeating. It appears that a certain barber was trying to describe a certain man to a customer in his chair. He thought the customer ought to know him, as he had lived here a long time and had often sat on platforms at public meetings with other vice presidents."

"He is a tall, thin man, with dark hair," said the barber.

"Has he a smooth face?" asked the customer.

"No," said the barber, "he shaves himself." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

ON THE RIVIERA.

Democracy of Distinguished Peers: Appears to be a Plain American.

Ballard Smith writes to the New York World from Beaulieu: This narrow little strip of France—40 miles or so from Cannes to Mentone and not above four or five miles wide anywhere between the blue sea and the practically impassable mountain chain beyond—might be called during any winter season the Republic of the Great From All Lands.

The democratic fashion of it is a little startling to the newcomer. You may sit at the next table in a restaurant to an ex-president of the republic. You may come suddenly in a public pathway upon an emperor and empress walking arm in arm together; you sit in the next chair in a hotel meeting room to the great ex-premier of England. Politicians from all countries, serene highnesses from every monarchy in the world, great artists—their faces become as familiar to you as those of the conventional people whom most of us have the fortune only to be brought in daily contact with.

It has happened to me, a very plain American citizen, to have had the three experiences mentioned above within the space of 24 hours, together with some others as interesting, and the fortune of it all, the reader being the judge of what measure of fortune it is, may come to any other plain citizen of any land who forms a part of this little republic within a republic.

In a former letter I described how absolutely democratic is the daily walk here of Casimir-Perier, until only the other day president of France. In the rotunda of the Hotel Cape Martin we are to see a greater man than any hereditary king or emperor or potentate of today, of yesterday, of the century. Lemoine is just over when Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone come down from their rooms and take seats among the other guests before the fire, awaiting their carriage. The venerable statesman looks much older and more worn than when I saw him in London as he started for the Riviera.

The arduous journey in the bitter cold weather which met him in France and his extraordinary continuance here in the Riviera have evidently been most prejudicial to him. He walked very feebly to his carriage, escorted on the one side by his faithful wife and on the other by the hardly less faithful Mr. George Armstrong—many times millionaire, who seems to have no object in life beyond this friendship and almost constant attendance—and now for the first time in his adult life looks all his age.

I had come to the hotel hoping that Mr. Gladstone might wish to say something more to the American public on the prospects of home rule in Ireland, but Mr. Armstrong pleads that the statesman is in too feeble condition to talk upon politics, and that his restoration to health demands absolute rest from all political concerns for the present.

The ex-empress Eugenie is another guest at the hotel, except that she occupies a cottage in the grounds, and she, too, takes her daily walk abroad with a single attendant, or more often alone. She also seems very feeble and looks very old, supporting herself with a strong crutch stick. She has lost every trace of her former beauty and graceful carriage.

END OF AN OLD THEATER.

A Stage on Which the Boats Aced to Make Way for a Furniture Store.

The Richmond theater, the oldest playhouse in this city and one of the oldest in the country, will very probably in a few days be converted into a furniture store.

Some of the greatest actors this country ever produced began their career upon the stage of the Richmond theater, and it was at one time the home of the best stock company in the United States, of which John Wilkes Booth was a member. The late Edwin Booth and William Florence both began their careers on this stage, and Creston Clarke, a nephew of Booth, made his first appearance at this theater.

Before the war it was known as the Marshall theater. In 1862 it was destroyed by fire and was rebuilt, the materials being brought through the blockade. The scenery for the new building was brought from England. The building is now out of repair and unfit for a place of amusement, though it has been conducted as such up to the present time. —Richmond Dispatch.

A Sensitive Flier.

At one of the suburban stations along the line of the Reading railroad an enterprising soap manufacturer has erected a factory and warehouse. Facing the railroad is the large bulk window of the main salesroom. In this window one day a few weeks ago there appeared a very pretty girl, who appeared to have paused in the midst of her labor of washing the window to flirt with the travelers. Nearly every male rider who saw her proceeded to divert with her, and the male riders on all trains that passed during the day did the same. In fact, she has been flirted with ever since, although most of the regular riders have long since learned that the beautiful young girl in the window is but a waxy figure. —Philadelphia Record.

Working a New Trick on Farmers.

Farmers in the vicinity of Frankfort are being caught on the billboard privilege racket. Two men paint a sign on the farmer's fence and give him a few dollars to guarantee them that no one else will be permitted to paint signs over them. The farmer is asked to sign a receipt acknowledging the payment of the money in order that they can return the same to their employer. The receipt which he signs turns out to be a promissory note for \$500 or \$600, as the case may be. —Indianapolis News.

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Young, Makeel & Bradley, Attorneys.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the June Term A. D. 1895.

Bernard Curtis vs. Thomas P. Keefe, Marguerite M. Keefe, Timothy Dyer, Catherine E. Dyer, John E. Dooley, William Burke, Mary L. Burke, John M. Chadwick, Elizabeth L. Chadwick, George Adams, Elizabeth Adams, John C. Burke, Margaret Burke, Frank B. Chadwick, Lena C. Chadwick, George S. Foster, Nellie Foster, Stock Growers' National Bank of Cheyenne, Laramie Co., Wyoming, Central City Bank of Central City, Nebraska, Charles F. Fisher, First National Bank of Monroe, Wis., Arabut Ludlow, Caroline C. Ludlow, Anna Nielsen, W. S. Struthers, The Omaha Merchandise Company, of Omaha, Nebraska, George A. Chadwick, Jay M. Chadwick, Clara L. Chadwick, W. W. Chadwick, Clara B. Miller, Thomas Harris, Sally P. Fisher, Martha M. Fisher, John A. O'Keefe, Richard C. Cushing, Newton G. Vosler, Florence Vosler, Andreas Mittelstrasser, Peter McGeoch, Richard Carter, John Benzett, Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John M. Chadwick and his wife to Central City Bank of Central City, Nebraska, dated July 3rd, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,898,880, in book 4,300, at page 557, conveying lots 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, in block 11, lots 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 12; and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, in block 10, of Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. 1/4 of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John A. O'Keefe to Richard C. Cushing, dated December 16th, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 2,014,170, in book 4,918, at page 113, conveying lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, in block 1; lots 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 12; and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 14, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. 1/4 of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John A. O'Keefe to Richard C. 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O'Keefe, that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the Third Monday of June A. D. 1895, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

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ing, Central City Bank of Central City, Nebraska, Charles F. Fisher, First National Bank of Monroe, Wis., Arabut Ludlow, Caroline C. Ludlow, Anna Nielsen, W. S. Struthers, The Omaha Merchandise Company, of Omaha, Nebraska, George A. Chadwick, Jay M. Chadwick, Clara L. Chadwick, W. W. Chadwick, Clara B. Miller, Thomas Harris, Sally P. Fisher, Martha M. Fisher, John A. O'Keefe, Richard C. Cushing, Newton G. Vosler, Florence Vosler, Andreas Mittelstrasser, Peter McGeoch, Richard Carter, John Benzett, Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John M. 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FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the final settlement of the estate of Lucinda Reley, deceased, to Alonzo Reley, Matilda Howell, James Cruise, Philip Cruise, Augustus D. Petty, Elizabeth D. Inman, heirs at law and next of kin of said deceased.

Take notice, that on the 9th day of July, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m., or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, the undersigned will present to the Probate court, at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in said county, his final account, as administrator of said estate, and ask that the same be approved; that said estate be declared settled, and the undersigned discharged from his said office, at which time and place you are notified to be present, if you so desire.

Dated Chicago, May 1, A. D. 1895.

JOSEPH L. KOTAL,
Administrator of said Estate.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

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